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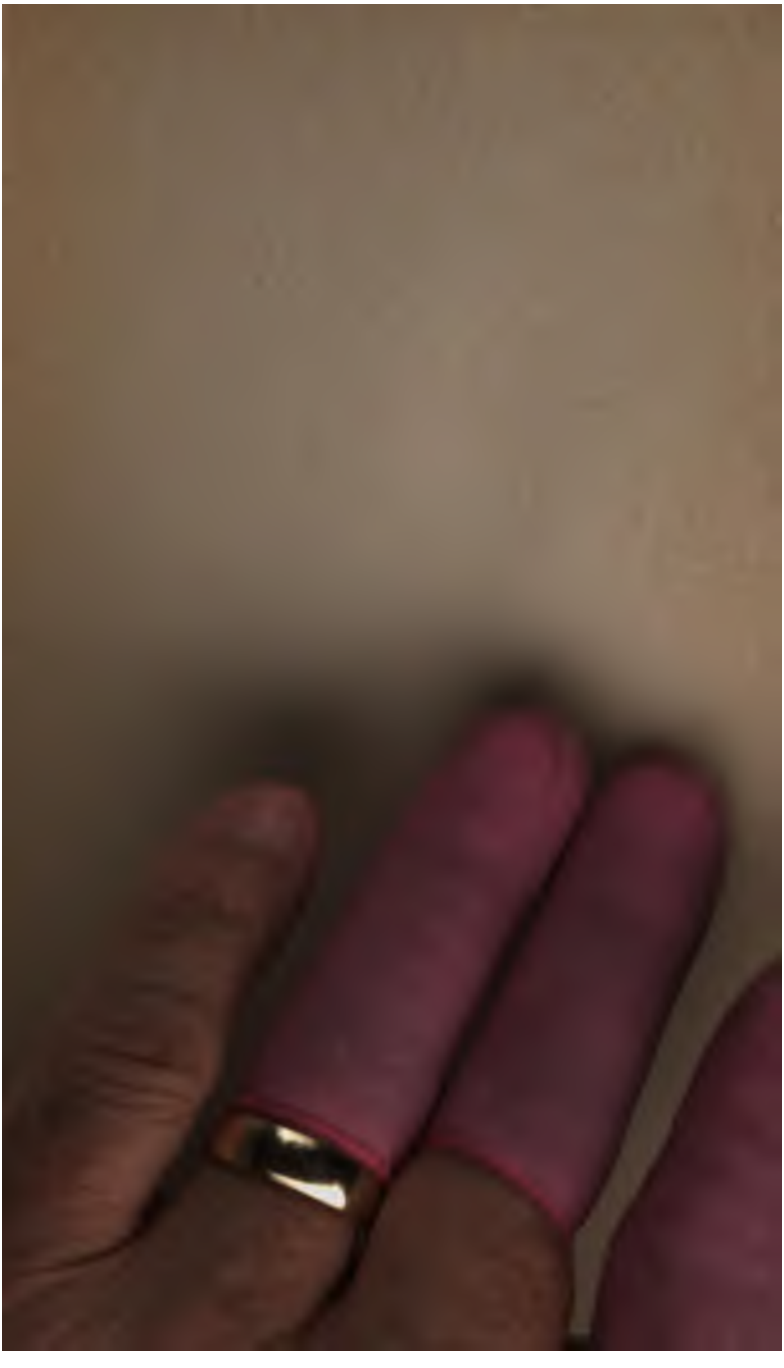

WOMAN IN AMERICA.

WOMAN IN AMERICA:

HER

CHARACTER AND POSITION

AS INDICATED BY

NEWSPAPER EDITORIALS,

AND SUSTAINED BY

AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE.

BY

AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

Is this a power divine — creation's soul —
This pretty pet, this ready, pliant tool ?

CINCINNATI:
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1857.

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TO THE READER.

To the *common* reader, the Author has only to say, that this little book has been written within the brief period of four weeks, and sent to press without a revision or correction; it consequently makes no pretensions, and expects to be short-lived; but the Author promises that ere its being shall become extinct, there shall another take its place, more deserving of public favor.

The object of the present work is to place before the mind's eye, some of the evils existing in society, and point out their natural tendencies. The remedies for these evils are incidentally implied.

To the *knowing* and *'cute* reader, the Author has nothing to say in relation to this book; but, lest she may not have another opportunity, she will give a little advice concerning matters and things in general:

Whenever you undertake to do any thing, you should do *your very best.* If you undertake to scuttle a craft,

you should work away with all your might, always remembering to make previous provision for your own personal safety. If you do not succeed, you should look about you with indifference, saying, *I was not trying to do this.*—If you undertake to slander a neighbor, you should first look at the vastness of your own powers, so as to be confident of success, and then make up the 'cutest kind of speech,—in so doing you'll always find some people who will be astonished!

WOMAN IN AMERICA.

"Beware of Women's Notes.—A case of a good deal of importance, and one that has excited no little interest, was decided on Saturday, from whence it appears that the note of hand of a married woman, however wealthy she may be, is utterly valueless, unless her husband is able and willing to pay it. We give the points, omitting the names of the parties:

"Supreme Court—General Term—Before a Full Bench—*April* 18.—Judge Woodruff delivered the opinion of the Court in this case. The plaintiff sued for bill for board, and money loaned her, amounting altogether to about $500—for which the lady gave a note of her own. The plaintiff obtained an order at special term, directing to give an exposition of her

distinct personal property. That order was granted at special term, from which an appeal was taken. This Court now reverses that decision, on the ground that the debt is the debt of the husband; that even for a wife's note, he alone is responsible, and that, in the prosecution of the suit, the wife could not be made a witness against the husband. Order of special term reversed.

"If this be law, it is not exactly justice. If a woman has property, it should certainly be liable for her debts, especially debts of her own contracting. According to this decision, a rich wife may be the most dangerous and slippery of all customers, as her note is worthless, unless it be a 'note of invitation.' The statute must be overhauled."—*New York Evening Mirror.*

"Beware of Women's Notes." What great contempt is in that sentence. Does a woman owe you? you must look to her husband, and if he sees fit to pay you, well and good; if not, you may avail yourself of the advantages of your own experience, and remember hereafter, that a married woman's note is of no more consequence than a monkey's scribble. She is only a *pretty little creature that he keeps;* and she feels *above* being more. *She* does not say any thing about the statute's being overhauled, but *men* begin to see that

she can take the advantage of her parrot position; and for this reason the naughty little creature shall not be allowed to become "dangerous and slippery." The *Mirror* would remind her that her "note of invitation" is quite as valuable as ever; she may still write invitations, and the gentlemen will notice *every one*, and they will kiss them, and they will answer them *every one*. If need be, business shall be laid aside; the ladies' wishes shall receive attention, by all means; ladies must be noticed every time they speak or write, providing it is pleasure, or display, or our society that they seek. Any man who dares treat ladies' notes of invitation with contempt, we 'll "put him out;" ladies, sirs, must be heard and attended to every time, otherwise they 'll become restless and dissatisfied to be the *pretty little things that men keep*. We 'll receive their notes of invitation, and read them, and answer them, and return thanks; and call on them, and talk to them all about all the pretty little things in nature, or rather, we 'll allow them to talk the most of the time, and we 'll appear as passive, as ignorant, and as dumb as so many sick mules; we 'll bow and we 'll smile, and we 'll simper, and we 'll kneel, and we 'll do any thing in the world for such lovely creatures, who keep themselves for

us, and allow us to keep them. But we 'll not speak of the contemptible laws that govern them; laws in which they have no voice, because they are considered not capable of self-government; as not having strength of mind sufficient to determine, consider, or carry out any plan; laws that should arouse holy indignation in every woman's heart.

Sirs, we may speak with each other of governments, of science, of laws, and we may safely do this in the presence of ladies, because they *dare* not say any thing under those circumstances, lest people should say they try to act like men, but we were fools to expect them to take an interest in these matters, in view of what we wish them to be.

"Men love most passionately, and women most permanently. Men love at first, and most warmly; women love last, and longest. This is natural enough; for nature makes women to be won, and men to win. Men are an active force, and therefore they are more ardent."—*From the Boston Flag of our Union.*—Geo. W. Curtis.

That men are an active force is true; that women have no activity nor force, is also true; but that women love most permanently, last, and longest, is not true; it is, in every instance where woman has been allowed to retain the original power of her will, utterly false. Occasionally, in society, we meet with an old woman whose hairs are all gray, but whose countenance is bright, cheerful, mirthful, and quite youthful, from habitual joy and gladness. Her husband moves about majestically, though with the same perfect satisfaction and complete happiness resting calmly on his manly brow. You should notice he watches her every motion and every look; he goes out, and it is evident that she is in *all* his thoughts, for he speaks of her wisdom, and of her extraordinary attributes, even sometimes when it appears out of place to do so. He returns as soon as possible; he can not exist wholly away from her presence; she has the same bewitching power over him that she possessed on the wedding day, while his love, as well as hers, has become more real, more exclusive, and even more intense. You 'll find the cause of this state of things resting with no less a personage than *herself*. She has ever been womanly and kind, but she has never once in her life, yielded to

any man's will, simply *because it was his will;* not even to that great and good husband of hers;—*never once.* There are many women who enjoy this complete, this heavenly happiness. Their children are, in consequence, sound in constitution, mentally and physically, with the most happy tempers. And it is in the power of every woman thus to be blessed, and thus in turn to bless our world, that has become weary and sorrowful, being burdened with crime. Every woman, though, has not strength to retain her husband's first, worshipful, exclusive love, because, from all the customs of society, and from all the wise, pretty little sayings of men, in newspapers, she has been, all her life long, accustomed to think 't were more lovely and more ladylike, to be the smallest end of a tiny nothing, than to have strength of character. This article that the Boston *Flag* is pleased to copy, is the prettiest, softest kind of moonshine; let those revel in it who can see in such a light, but every woman who has known what it is to possess the whole heart of her husband—who has known what it is to live in *all* his thoughts—what it is to *be loved* "permanently, last, and longest," I can assure you it will be exceedingly difficult to make that woman believe that she would not as soon *be loved* by her husband,

as to have only the *privilege of loving him*, with the expectation that his love would soon grow cold, as a matter of course. I have seen women with pale faces, and with subdued, sorrowful looks, beckon beseechingly for the confidence of the private ear, saying, "Do you know what will make the hair of the head grow? or, Do you know what will make the complexion look fresh, *for I think one's husband thinks more of one if she looks well, and has nice hair, as at first?*" The kind, unselfish creature, as free from vanity as an infant, not wishing to be beautiful on her own account, *not at all*, but only so that *her husband would love her* as of yore. But this were vain; it is not *beauty* that can retain the husband's devoted love,—it is strength of character only that can do this. Many possess this strength, and are entirely unconscious of it; they know they have an ability, an energy, but have never given this a name. Others are so frightened, and subdued, and kept down, and flattered and petted in turn, that 't were impossible to gain this, were they to make an effort. The *Flag of our Union* wishes women to know that it is their nature to love their husbands exclusively, devotedly, forever, unabatedly, even when their husbands become cold and distant, for

this, he modestly hints, they should expect, as it is *man's nature;* they should love, and if the dear ones become indifferent, they should sigh and weep secretly, and love on; love patiently, sorrowfully, hopefully, till hope dies, and then, when the face is pale, and the heart sad, lay it all on *God,* and wait patiently for death and heaven, as the only consolation or relief.

Now, no woman should allow her husband to think or expect that she would continue to love him, though he might change; it is impossible for a woman to be dissatisfied with the nature that *God* gave her; as soon might a leopard be displeased with his spots; and yet many women would be disgusted with themselves did they suspect for one moment, that this were their nature. This identical Boston *Flag* whom I have copied above, does not make the slightest point clear with reference to what woman's nature *is,* but rather what he *wishes her to be.* And, for himself, who is so desirous to be considered a lusty-necked, *gentleman-dog,* he has not the courage of one, for were war in the camp, he would howl and run.

"WOMAN IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.—The season of Lent has arrived, to put a stop to the gayeties of the winter. Our fashionable young ladies have now time to reflect upon the past few months; and how must the soul of any sensible one among them sicken at the remembrance of past frivolity,—the evenings spent in dissipation,—the daytime rendered unfit for any useful employment. Not only the reckless and foolish have passed their time thus, but young ladies of great loveliness of disposition, of warm hearts and thoughtful minds. How is this possible? How is it that a serious, affectionate mother can encourage her daughter to this waste of time and health, and the pure-minded girl can acquiesce? What is the reason of this state of things?

"The plain fact is this, young ladies are sent into society that they may be seen and *married*. Society is a market for young girls. Marriage is recognized as the only proper sphere of life for woman; men insist upon this fact. Mothers wish to do the best thing possible for their daughters, and if marriage is the best, what wonder that the poor parent exerts herself to attain it for her daughter? She sends her into the world; she maneuvers as far as public opinion will allow, to secure for her daughter a good match. All mothers are not successful, and season after season is

spent by the poor girl in the vain effort to gain a husband. How sad,—how pitiful!

"Is marriage necessary for woman's happiness? If so, let her have a fair chance with man. Let all this be done openly; let parents invite such individuals as they think suitable for their daughters to their own houses, for the avowed purpose of forming acquaintances with regard to matrimony; let ladies not be afraid to show their preferences of some persons over others. Many a modest young man would then gain a wife to whom he otherwise would never dare to propose, and many a girl would gain a husband she loves, instead of taking, in despair, one to whom she is indifferent. If woman had the confidence that man possesses, that she could be married if she chose, she would think less on the subject; she would be a better daughter; a better friend, and have time to attend to housekeeping duties and other things suitable to render her a good wife. Then few but the frivolous would go to balls or large parties."—*New York Post.*

The New York *Post*, in speaking of *marriage*, comes right out plain and speaks of it as a business, an employment, a calling, a something that one class of people follow as the means of livelihood; as the easiest, the most agreeable, the most convenient, and the *very best* profession for that class. But in this

sense, and in this connection why does he call it "sphere?" we do not say that Dr. Smith is in Washington following his *sphere*, though we may, with propriety, say that Dr. Smith is in Washington practicing medicine; nor do we say that Physics is the only *proper sphere* for Dr. Smith, because, according to our notions of things, he is disqualified for every other profession.

Why does he not say, marriage is the only occupation a woman can, or should follow? Because he had rather use the term *sphere*. He can *live* a fact, and he can see all his female friends existing in a reality so disgusting to the modest ear, that he will not speak of it in plain terms. And he can live on thus, year after year without blushing and without shame. And yet, he seems to think that on the whole, it is rather foolish to try to conceal what is so generally understood. Everybody knows that the only thing girls can do, is to get married, therefore he thinks mothers very foolish to maneuver and waste time and the health of their daughters; they should do all openly, in a fair business style; that their daughters *must marry* and can do nothing else, excepting, may be, sew a little, or teach school a little, just to pass away the time while they are in waiting

for this new profession; that this being their only pursuit, is so well known and understood, he thinks it exceedingly foolish to be so *sly* about it; and the girls should not be so *shy* about it; they should not be ashamed to ask the young men to marry them, inasmuch as the young men already know that they most earnestly desire this, and *must have* it thus, because it is *all* they can do in the world. The reason given why gentlemen should seek ladies in marriage, is because they love them and wish their society for life; the reason given why ladies should seek gentlemen in marriage, is because they *must marry*.

"If woman had the confidence that man possesses, that she could marry if she chose, she would think less on the subject; she would be a better daughter, better wife, better housekeeper," etc.

Before woman can have the confidence that man possesses in this matter, she must have position of independence quite as entire and absolute as is his; she must have the world for her sphere, and *consequently* money for her labor. To have the same confidence that man possesses, that she could marry if she chose, while, at the same time, marriage is recognized as the only occupation she should follow, were

impossible, even though society might grant her the privilege of soliciting the hands of young men in marriage; but the writer supposes this confidence attainable, provided she openly gives expression to her love for the gentlemen, and the reason assigned why 'twere better for her to possess this confidence, is because she would be a *better daughter, better housekeeper*, etc.; so that to whatever woman may attain, it must previously be made clear that the same were better for men: we see here that the woman is just no more nor less than man allows her to become; that man's influence over woman is *efficient, absolute*, while her influence is infinitely smaller, not sufficient to command his reverence; not sufficient to prevent his licentiousness; not even sufficient to make his licentiousness look odious in society; an influence that falls back on self, and says, in effect, *we* must be very pure, but *men* have a right to be impure; *we* must be very virtuous and keep ourselves for men, but *they* have a right to be immoral and licentious. Now, this is not being virtuous for *virtue's* sake, but for *men's* sake; were it for virtue's sake, there would be as much talk about good, pure, moral men, as about good, pure, and moral women; it is not so, on the contrary it is quite unpopular with ladies to say any

thing about virtuous men, or to expect men to be virtuous. An influence that says in effect, *we* must look about ourselves with great care, always, whether we stay in, or walk out, we must see that we do nothing improper, we must not look to the right or left as we pass along, but look straight forward, and if we can slily peep round occasionally, and chance to see something funny, we must show how wise we are by putting on our knowing looks, and displaying our powers of ridicule. If we pass along the walk and see posters out for people to read, we must not stop to read, we must feel *above* that, for men as well as women are watching us, and afterwards, when in the company of gentlemen in conversation, if we are likely to appear ignorant, we must put on our meek, still looks, and become all at once, too *proud* to take part in gentlemen's conversation, we must feel *above* knowing what to say, when gentlemen discuss questions abstruse. We must watch ourselves, and watch each other incessantly; gentlemen also have a right to keep an eye on us, to see that no one shall get out of her sphere, to see that not one of us shall dare try to act like a man; but gentlemen have a right to do as they please; we must not take away their rights, nor watch their conduct as though we were their dictators, but

they have a right to mark *our* conduct, and criticise the same, therefore we must not look to one side nor the other, as we pass along, but straight forward, thinking about ourselves all the time, as to how pretty we look, and of the propriety of our deportment, that never turns aside, nor sees any thing at all except by stealth.

An influence that says, in effect, we must allow men to be impure, vile, wicked, and then welcome them to our hearts and our homes. *They* may be, and do, whatever they please—*we* must be pure, still, and bright for them; but ah, toward our own sex, we must be, in cruelty, as still and cold as the grave! Men may go abroad and be wicked—that 's nothing to us; but we must not allow a spot to appear in our character. How clear that this is not for virtue's sake, but for men;—man's tool even in this. Very few gentlemen wish to *injure* ladies; but if, for any reason, a man is really desirous to injure a woman, his very first step is to assail her moral character, knowing this to be the surest and speediest way to bring her down, for she has allowed men every privilege, even to do evil, while at the same time, she has secluded and hidden herself even so far as to deprive her of much constitutional strength and vigor, and all

that she may appear more modest and virtuous, thus acknowledging her character to be so weak that *suspicion* may ruin her; that the weakest breath of slander from a man, though he were wicked, may ruin her forever; consequently, in any and every part of our country, let a man only *threaten* to speak ill of a woman's moral character, and he has her at his feet in a moment; she will submit to any thing rather than allow this; she will suffer herself to be wronged, and patiently brood over it; she will weep, and sigh, and suppress anger; seeing, too, that he knows what she most fears, she will lower her dignity, and basely cower, trembling lest he may *lie* about her virtue. Woman's *virtue*, in our country, is used as the main, first, and most powerful instrument to bring her into subjection, and keep her there.

"THE WOMAN'S QUESTION.—We have reason to believe that our suggestion to the ladies, that the scandal of female degradation and servitude in Utah, is a question which appeals peculiarly to them for interference, is likely to be acted on. We are told

that the ladies are greatly exercised upon it, and are determined to make a move which shall protest, at least, against the further toleration by the General Government, of a sedition whose chiefest feature is the utter debasement of the standing and character of woman in America. The ladies are right. They should sign a petition, calling upon the administration to send out a governor who would depose BRIGHAM YOUNG, the arch enemy of female purity and independence, and reinstate the laws. Though a bachelor, JAMES BUCHANAN has too much regard for the ladies to slight such an appeal."—*Porter's (New York) Spirit of the Times.*

This New Yorker wishes us to understand that whatever the ladies may be doing with regard to Utah, is in consequence of his *reminding* them that 't would look right well for them to be public spirited; to look beyond their fireside, and think upon the condition of those without. He has told them there is something of a public character that they should attend to, and lo! those who but yesterday were boasting of their extraordinary "shrinking natures,"—that female delicacy that "shrinks from public deeds,"—are suddenly "greatly exercised upon it." He has hinted that they may do this, and

nobody shall say they try to act like men; he has assured them it is quite womanly, and lo! immediately they determine to *move the General Government.* He has intimated that "female purity" demands their action, the term *independence* is added merely for effect, as that word, when used to designate the character or position of American females, has little more significance than when applied to the harems of the East. Men have decreed that women shall be pure, consequently they have only to say to women, You may do any thing, and if *female purity* be your object, we will not call you masculine, nor try to scare you in any way; when no sooner said, than all the ladies are "greatly exercised upon it," and determine to show what they can do if they really try. Gentlemen by one slight nod of approval, can cause the ladies to turn the world upside down. The writer above is evidently fully aware of this, as he goes on and advises them to "depose BRIGHAM YOUNG." This they will doubtless do. He has told them that they should be "exercised" upon this question, consequently they are "exercised," and therefore "the ladies are right." He then goes on to tell them what they should next do; and if there is no *ridicule, sly winking, or wise looks* put on to defeat this, they are

as sure to do it as the sun is to rise in the east. And the ladies will again be "all right." He assures us that JAMES BUCHANAN has great regard for the ladies. This we all believe;—and if he could make the ladies instruments in his hands of doing a public good, he would do this as soon as the one who thus exalts him.

"WAS MRS. CUNNINGHAM STRIPPED?—This mooted question is settled by Dr. G. F. WOODWARD, who says that he examined Eckel and Snodgrass in a small room, in presence of a policeman; they were entirely stripped; examined Mrs. Cunningham in the room in the third story, known as Eckel's room; directed the policeman to stand inside the door, as a witness; a lady whom I did not know was in the room, and she remained; deputy John Connery was present; do not know why, nor at whose order he was present; examined her person at his particular request that it should be done thoroughly; examined first the upper part of her person, and then the lower—the portion not under examination remaining uncovered; after he expressed himself satisfied, she voluntarily took off her shoes and stockings; she said she wished it done thoroughly,

'for,' said she, 'God knows I wish to do every thing in my power to further the development of this murder.' "—*Nashville (Tenn.) Union and American.*

Was Mrs. Cunningham stripped, ladies? She was, for we are informed in a very cool manner, as though it were a proceeding perfectly right and proper as a matter of course, that one man stripped her while others stood by and looked on. Society required one man to take hold of her person, remove every garment of clothing and examine her thoroughly, while it became the duty of other men to bear witness most certain and sure that *all* was exposed. And is this nothing to you? Ladies, he "examined first the upper part of her person, and then the lower, the portion not under examination remaining uncovered." But this is nothing to you; the gentlemen are exceedingly kind to you, they give you a soft cushion on which to repose your lovely forms, they have not suspected you of murder yet, and moreover, you "know your place" and stay there; any one who is suspected of murder should have her person exposed to the gentlemen. Your great lords are officers, and the laws give them a right to strip ladies who are suspected of murder. You have reason to indulge a

secret pleasure, for when one woman is publicly exposed, this renders your seclusion more conspicuous in the eyes of the gentlemen. The gentlemen have told you that you are *above* being *officers*, that you are too ladylike to wish or have the remotest desire for this distinction, and as a climax, to make sure that you should understand your nature and never *dare* to be—office-seekers, they have declared that this would render you "*at once above and beneath your sex.*" Consequently this is entirely out of the question, though a share of the public confidence might render you great and nobly gallant to your own sex, yet you are too ladylike and *above* this.

But Mrs. Cunningham was stripped, ladies, and this is nothing to you, because the gentlemen have not yet told you that there is an awful indignity in this, that should be revolting to your woman's nature, that should cause the blush of shame to hang heavy on your eyelids, and deepen on your cheeks; they have never called your attention to the deep degradation and impurity of women who can look upon this without feeling any anger, without recognizing the wrong, but rather, even with a secret satisfaction.

When a woman is arraigned for a crime, it is equally true that this is nothing to you, though

gentlemen would ask that they might be judged by their peers, that those of their own sex might sit as their jurymen; they have great *love* for ladies, and they believe that ladies would be as kind, and even more kind towards them than gentlemen, nevertheless they would be indignant and insulted to see one of the opposite sex serving on their jury: but ladies ask only for gentlemen, having such contempt and jealousy for each other that they would not render justice, they say, give us *gentlemen* to do all things for us. And this willingness to be more abject than the opposite sex, is called *woman's love for man!*

"Sale of Dr. Burdell's Furniture.—The great excitement in New York on Monday last was the sale of Dr. Burdell's furniture. The crowd was tremendous and more than a thousand ladies were present. The sale seems to have been conducted in the most indecorous manner. The articles sold brought enormous prices, everybody being anxious to procure some souvenir of so noted a character. Noisy discussions were held in the house in regard to the guilt or innocence

of Mrs. Cunningham Burdell; and it is singular that almost every one of the ladies took part against her."—*Memphis Weekly Appeal.*

The *Appeal* says, "it is *singular* that almost every one of the ladies took part against her," but it does not appear *singular*, at all, to any one; every member of society expects this of woman. It is a fact generally acknowledged, and repeatedly alluded to, in all ranks of society, that women are not gallant, as gentlemen are towards those of their own sex. Were women to be nobly great; *unwilling* to believe evil concerning each other, or *sorry* when a sister has erred, all would be astonished. By those who read the above paragraph, it is generally understood, too, that the writer does not really consider it strange that ladies take part against each other, but only expresses himself in this manner so as not to offend, while at the same time he calls our attention to the awful truth.

A "tremendous crowd" was there, and "great excitement,"—a sale conducted in the most "indecorous manner," and "noisy discussions;" and "more than a thousand" ladies were also there!—Where was woman's "shrinking modesty," that "shrinks from the

public gaze?" that feels *above* taking any part in public affairs, or being present at noisy discussions. Ah, the gentlemen have not yet told them that they should be *above* attending sales!—their noisy clamors about who shall get the prettiest and best,—their childlike, or monkey manners, as they frisk and chatter about, now talking wisely about the value of some article for sale, now winking slily, and ridiculing some neighboring woman, have never been pictured in newspapers, consequently they walk about entirely fearless and quite bold, for they have the gentlemen's approval. They may attend public sales, because gentlemen, by general consent, *allow* them to do this; it is to their own advantage, as well as to gratify the ladies' vanity. Ladies can also render themselves quite useful to the gentlemen in this way.

After the sale is over, then they must return home, and *wait* there till the gentlemen come and ask them to go out; mayhap they will ask them to ride, and come with a fine carriage, and take them by the hand and lift them up, and assist them to lower their lovely forms upon the velvet cushion.—To see such grand lords condescend to be so careful and tender of them because they are so beautiful and dependent. Oh, for such privilege who would not be dependent!

And then how rapidly the gentlemen will allow them to ride! and then when the pure, fresh air enlivens the spirits, the face dimples with childish joy, and the heart flutters with innocent delight; they laugh and talk about a hundred nothings and the gentlemen will also talk about a hundred nothings; oh, how kind are the gentlemen to allow them such great privileges, and so much pleasure; they even invite them, and furnish carriage, and pay all expenses, and moreover they buy sugar-candy and wine with their own money, and it all goes so free because it is for the ladies; oh, how the ladies flutter in view of this:—and only see them when they come to offer the ladies their arm; the ladies must *wait* of course till they come, but they are pretty sure to come, and when they do come they smile so, and *allow* the ladies to walk in whichever direction they please; after the ladies have *waited* and *looked* and *watched* first through the window, then at the door, and dare not *think* of going without them, then they come sometimes soon, sometimes late, and declare that they are absolutely under the ladies' control! What kind gentlemen to allow ladies to walk wherever they please, and to have the choice in the sugar-candy though it be bought with their own money; and to sit

on a soft cushion while themselves sit by, may be, on a hard stool. Well, then, after the walk, they must "take the ladies home," and the ladies must *wait* again, and in the meantime they can tell love stories; or with wise, glad looks, relate an incident of some woman who has done wrong and become exposed. But they must *wait*. *Wait*, is the first lesson of their youth, and it influences every development of their character in after years. It is seen in their doubtful, hesitating, yielding manner, and in the mind, which is said to be inferior in depth and power; it is also seen in their contempt for each other; contempt which says, you 're *nothing but a woman*, and I am that, and I am prettier than you, and I can get more beaux than you can, and if you dare to be more fascinating than I can be, I 'll raise a tale about your female virtue.—Shame on our country which has allowed her every corner to be stirred with a restless activity, and woman, the only blasted, deadened thing remaining, taught to *wait*.

"POWER OF FEMALES.—Aristotle may say that of all animals the males are stronger and wiser than the females, but St. Paul writes that weak things have been chosen to confound the strong. Adam was sublimely endowed, but woman humbled him; Samson was strong, but woman made him captive; Lot was chaste, but woman seduced him; David was religious, but woman disturbed his piety; Solomon was wise, but woman deceived him; Job was patient, and was robbed by the devil of fortune and family, ulcerated, grieved, and oppressed,—nothing provoked him to anger till a woman did it, therein proving herself stronger than the devil."—*Atlanta (Ga.) Examiner.*

What an unassuming air this *Examiner* puts on, while he assures us that men are, by nature, stronger and wiser than women. "Of all animals, the males are stronger and wiser than the females." He modestly reminds us of what he supposes to be an incontestable fact, though it is not fact, for even of the lower animals, *all* males are not stronger and wiser than females, and with the human race, more especially, this is not so. Since the creation, wherever woman has had position equal with man, she has proved herself to be even stronger and wiser than

himself (I speak of the strength of the whole being). This is true of *all nations* of women who have been independent, and of *individuals* not a few. When we speak of what woman *is*, there is nothing so beautiful; so kind to its superiors; so jealous and cruel toward its equals; so willing and yielding to the former, and vindictive to the latter; there is nothing so contemptible, so cowering, or so abject, that we may not liken it to woman; but in speaking of her *nature*, presumption and falsehood will not do. All women are not ignorant of history, nor are all men pleased with falsehood. All history, sacred and profane, all tradition and classical mythology, as well as all nature, animate and inanimate, point significantly to the fact, that woman is the crowning work of creation.

The following I saw in two or three newspapers, copied from "Thackeray's Lectures:"

"THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather

slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or in the pit of a theater. All amusements of youth to which women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. I protest I can sit all night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eaton, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits many men derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease,—and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful."

This is the true description of *woman's influence*, as it now acts, and as it is presented to the understanding of people generally; and yet there are in society, and ever have been, instinctive impressions that woman is commissioned to guard every element, and control every interest of our common nature. These impressions have, in all ages, been tacitly manifested.

Were you to take a flake of snow, and place it where woman should stand, every thing could be said concerning that snow-flake, that the writer above has said of woman; though it is entirely inanimate, yet every attribute with which he would endow and honor the mothers of mankind, belongs to it; that is, not regarding their animal life, but only their social being.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in some nice little pure, clean spot, and contemplate a snow-flake, where, if you hear any conversation at all, 't will have no interest for you, than in a club, a tavern, or in the pit of a theater. This society would be elevating; you would feel purer, holier; and, besides this, when you are contemplating the snow-flake, you are not thinking about yourself, consequently you become less selfish. "The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it."

"Yesterday, two ladies, who are distinguished for their command of language, entered one of the most fashionable dry-goods stores in our city, and devoted

from *twelve to four o'clock* in looking *over* silks, satins; and other innumerable *et ceteras*, conversing on the merits of this article, then that, all the long while, till the patient, but hungry clerk, forgot his dinner, well-nigh his patience, his position, and vocation, and actually *slumbered* behind the counter!"—*Columbia (South Carolina) Times.*

It is very profitable to contemplate snowflakes, and flowers, and sunbeams, and every thing pretty in nature, for a time, but if you look on them too long, you become stupefied, and dull, and sleepy. The *Times* complains that the ladies conversed on the merits of "silks, satins, and other innumerable *et ceteras*, all the long while, from *twelve to four o'clock*." But the ladies dare not converse about any thing else. Were they seen or heard conversing sensibly on any subject of general interest in community, or discussing topics intellectual or scientific, the gentlemen would put a stop to that sooner than to the practice that has become, at last, a little inconvenient to themselves, namely, of talking a *little too long* about silks and satins; and the very first weapon they would lay hold on, would be ridicule. They would say, "Ah, masculine!"—"Trying to act like men!"— You charming little creatures, if you

think you can do more than to *look pretty*, and gratify men, and dress in silks and satins, and flutter about on the street like so many pretty little shows, you will have to find out your mistake. We will be very kind and compassionate, and only make a little fun of you, because you are weak, and can't bear much; but you must bear in mind, all the while, that we can publish you in the newspaper if you do not heed your ways, as we did when you protracted your talk about silks and satins a little too long to please us; and this may well cause you to tremble, because we can even publish your *names*, provided you are so foolish as to think you can defy us, and that would utterly ruin you, for all the gentlemen would laugh slily every time you were seen out, and all the ladies would dodge behind the door, and peep through a crevice, saying, 'Lo, see what you got for trying to act like men! We know our *place*, and keep our *place*, and you can see how much more the gentlemen think of us than they think of you!' Whether ladies are right or wrong, they must heed their ways whenever the gentlemen warn them, because this is their only alternative. Gentlemen support and defend gentlemen, very often, even in opposition to ladies, but ladies watch each other narrowly, with an

envy and jealousy as cold and cruel as the grave, wishing rather that some one might disobey the gentlemen, because the contrast would make themselves appear in a better light. And this principle society cherishes as her vitality; any who would oppose or destroy this, must become socially dead.

"The three ruling powers of the day—the Press, the Pulpit, and the Petticoats. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the third the fashions, at present considerably *in extensu*—all of them, however, mighty deficient in the first Christian virtue, charity, more familiarly termed 'toleration.' We have neither free press, free pulpit, nor free petticoats, for all our big talk. Hence, under such rulers, our (would be) freedom, is all an inflated bag of moonshine."—*Cincinnati (Ohio) Times.*

The *Times* treats woman in a low, vulgar, contemptible manner, and yet in truth. Women do not "spread" knowledge, for they do not know as much

as men know; though as harmless and pure as a little Canary-bird, they are not considered as possessing a powerful moral character. Men take the lead in *spreading* morals, not only in our country, but the world over. In South Africa, society calls women *cattle*. Why is this? Because *men* have not yet found out that woman's elevation is for their own good, as well as for the glory of God. Women "spread" nothing but fashions, and even in that they do not reign supreme. Men always have, and always will, *compel* women to wear long skirts. They may have every description of every variety—they may make them sometimes a little longer, sometimes a little shorter; sometimes very wide, and again very narrow; they may be of material very ugly, or very becoming; they may trail on the ground, or be raised even above the ankle, and the gentlemen will not say or do any thing of a serious nature. They will utter, now and then, pretty little sayings, just for fun, or because they must say something about the ladies, though nothing that is *intended* to effect any change; but the ladies must never dress in a style so as to give their limbs perfect freedom of movement; the very moment gentlemen see an approach towards this, you 'll see a grand halt, and revolution. Ladies, find-

ing themselves overcome by a tide they can not stem, very suddenly turn their course, saying, "*We do not wish to go that way.*"

"The homeliest female in the world may render herself attractive, by the exhibition of delicacy and refinement."—*Cincinnati (Ohio) Commercial.*

One newspaper tells woman what her nature is, another warns her not to disobey men, by reminding her of her absolute dependence on them, and what she may expect from her own sex, should she ever need their protection; and another advises her, since she has no right to display herself in any other manner, to *exhibit her delicacy and refinement* as much as possible, though I can not tell why he wishes to see *more exhibitions* of this character, than he must already see all around him, on all occasions, or wherever he may chance to turn his attention.

"Too Big to Obey his Mother.—A boy 'too big to mind his mother!' Such a boy must be larger than a giant, and one with strange ideas of the rights of *big* people. I am told that there are such boys, or rather, those who *think* they are 'too big to mind their mother.'

"My boy, believe me, you are in a most dangerous state of mind, which makes me tremble for you, both for this world and the next.

"Believe me, when you are small enough to depend upon your mother for your food, and clothing, and daily care, and while she is so anxious to see you growing up into a good and worthy man, and so willing to make any sacrifices to help you on in life, you should be ashamed to say, or even think, 'I am too big to mind my mother.'

"Search all the biographies in your own, or your father's library, and tell me if you can find a case of a man distinguished for greatness and goodness, who allowed such a thought to enter his mind. No; such men prize a good watchful mother, obey her godly maxims as long as they live, and teach them to their children.

"You are '*too big*' *to disobey your mother*, but don't allow yourself, my dear boy, to become such a monster of iniquity as to be '*too big* to mind' a

good mother."—*American Messenger, published by the American Tract Society, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and New Orleans.*

This is good Christian advice, coming from the press, and from all the churches; but why frighten the dear little boy in this manner? The poor little fellow, trembling under your terrible denunciations, is not to be blamed; you do not find this disposition to regard the mother with contempt, in the boyhood of great men, because it is a remarkable fact, that the mother of every truly great, or giant-minded man, has possessed uncommon strength of character. This strength commands reverence, and the latter can not manifest itself only in obedience to the former; it is in nature impossible. The dear little boy is not to be blamed. Boys generally respect their fathers, though they may be entirely uneducated, and even rough or harsh and unpleasing in their manner. Their outward life unavoidably gives them knowledge, and this knowledge gives them strength, which can not exist without knowledge. Boys quite as generally feel, at least in some degree, contempt for their mothers. They love their mother; she lives in all their earliest,

fondest, tenderest associations,—a lovely form, ever ready to watch by their couch, if ill,

> "Till the last pale star has set,
> And morn, all dazzling, broke
> On her dim weary eye;"

whose forgiveness knows no limits—whose kindness asks no return; but in vain may you command them to *respect* her the more, for the very reason that she is "too womanly to know any thing of outward life," or that she is too lovely to have any desire for such knowledge; in vain may you raise a loud, warning voice, calling them "monsters of iniquity;" in vain may you "tremble" for them, or threaten them with punishment, both in this world and the world to come. It is all in vain; the dear innocent little boy may become more cautious, as nearly all men are after arriving at maturity, but he can not venerate what is not venerable. He sees the minister of the Gospel enter his father's dwelling-house, and listens while he exhorts the mother to be patient, to suffer, and to pray, for this is "woman's province." The little fellow looks on the mother, and behold she bows the head and weeps, saying, "I am so prone to forget that God has appointed me to naught but prayers, suffering,

and tears!" He has never heard his mother likened to those female animals of the lower order, who have power to impress the hunter with more *awe* and *dread* than have the males; nor even to those of the winged tribe, whose feats excel our grandest conceptions of the bold and fearless; but often has he, in the lowest street rabble, heard her likened to the hen—and once, even in his short life, he has heard the minister in the sacred desk liken her to the hen, who dodges about here and there, wherever the old rooster sees fit to let her have a place, now fretting a little, now clucking a little, now *waiting* for her grand lord, the rooster. Then again, he has looked upon his mother, and she appeared "calm, heavenly, and serene," without the slightest blush of indignation.

Presently the little boy is old enough to read, and he soon observes that there is a certain little niche in every newspaper, where are statedly and regularly deposited some smart, cute little sayings about the "*women;*" illustrating their pert, sly, unlooked-for, unaccountable little doings, just as one would speak of the wonderful wisdom of the parrot, or the cunning little feats of the mouse, so entirely unexpected and astonishing. In vain may you command that boy to *reverence* his mother,—in vain may you pray for this

object; the man in the moon will laugh at your prayer, and God will not answer it. Our kind Saviour has done much, very much, for woman, and could we weep tears of pure gratitude, 't were not sufficient to express our thankfulness; but he has also left much for men to do. Some men are purposely or willfully inconsistent. They will send their daughters to day school; they may learn geography, arithmetic, and even geometry and algebra, but the *life* of this learning does not correspond with, and can not exist in the social life of the American woman; she *really knows* little more than when an infant she muttered baby talk at her mother's knee. There is great talk in our land about *educating young ladies equally with young gentlemen.* But this never has been done, and I think it will not be done during the lifetime of Horace Mann; I would not be understood, though, as being of the opinion that his *nice, soothing* little talk to them makes any difference. They may be sent to college an equal number of years; they may say as many lessons; they may get through as many books, but all the learning, if peradventure it has evinced any signs of life at all, soon becomes perfectly dead.

They 'll send their daughters to Sabbath school; oh yes! they may attend Sabbath school as much as

they please, but they willfully keep them in ignorance of the whole outward world, when at the same time they know the consequence of this; and then raise a terrible warning voice upon those innocent, blameless little boys, who occasionally get to feeling "*too big* to mind their mothers."

"WOMEN have more power in their looks than men have in their laws, and more power in their tears than men have in their judgments."—*Cincinnati (Ohio) Commercial.*

In selecting the above, I had looked over six newspapers, and in no one did I see one word about *man's power;* there's never a word said about that in any way, nor upon any occasion; American men know very well what their power is, without being constantly reminded of it; but in every one of these newspapers I saw positive and extravagant declarations concerning a certain mysterious, unaccountable inexplicable, incomprehensible, uncontrolled, and uncontrollable power of woman. One says this power is

in her beauty; another says it's in a certain degree of *smartness* and *pertness* that cannot exist without, at least, a little knowledge; another says it's in her softness, delicacy, and dependence; another, that it's in her fascinating manner,—her light, airy, and bewitching motions; but the one quoted above, is decidedly of opinion that this power is in her *looks* and *tears*.

I read on, one after another, more and still more, about woman's remarkable, astonishing power, till I could but ask myself, why is it that gentlemen are so fearful that ladies will forget they have power? why is it that they so constantly and repeatedly remind them of this, and *every time*, without fail, explain to them, in what their power consists? I go to a strange city or village, and wishing to make a large purchase of any description of property, must apply to *men*, must confer with *men*, relative to the same; if I wish only to procure a little butter, a little lard, a little lace, or some little trifling article, I may go to ladies, there are a few little privileges that gentlemen *allow* ladies to have, but if I wish to purchase any thing of consequence, of value, or substance, I must apply to men, because they own every thing; or, if I wish to engage in public-school teaching, I must make

application to men, because they're school directors; or, if I wish to procure a house for the purpose of delivering a public lecture, I must make application to men, because men own all the houses; women are nothing to me; they are only pretty little things that men keep. In *all things* is this most significantly true; they have no more voice in,—they have no more say-so about the laws that govern them, than a negro slave has; what then is this astonishing power of woman? whatever it may be, it is not efficient; it does not elevate her; it does not prevent her being an object of contempt in this nation, and in *all the laws of our country;* it is a *power* that has no *strength;*—there is no wonder they call it mysterious and incomprehensible: we cannot conceive an idea of such a power. I looked again and observed that all the power ascribed to woman, relates to her beauty, dependence, and inferiority; her beautiful, imploring, beseeching eyes look up to man, saying, oh! do grant me this boon, seeing that I have none to ask but you, and can not have any thing, nor any privilege, unless you are kind, and grant me the same;—and then, in view of her helpless and dependent condition, in view of the fact that she *must* look up to him for certain favors, because she belongs to him, and there

is no other to whom she can look;—in view of these things, she becomes silent, droops her beautiful, imploring eyes for a minute, and presently he sees big tear-drops steal so silently from beneath the half-closed eyelids, and roll over the soft, tender cheek, dropping thicker and faster upon his own breast;—of course he grants her whatever she asks for, even though 't were contrary to his own judgment, he would be inhuman and appear like a monster, could he find it in his heart to do otherwise; the more so, as he is conscious it is not a matter of necessity, in nature, that woman should be dependent. This is the power that is in woman's "looks and tears," and I bethought me that this same power in *kind*, though not in *degree*, belongs to my uncle's beautiful mistress, of the *canine* order. He thinks that she is the most beautiful, most wise, pert, cunning, sprightly, wayward, obstinate, mischievous, and yet the most kind and loving creature of her kind. And then, she 's so dependent on him, if he 's not kind to her, there 's none in all the wide world to be kind, for he has appropriated her to himself; she is his. And she governs him absolutely; he pats her on the head and says, "naughty pet, she has larger brains than any other of her race." He feeds her from his own plate,

and if she looks up into his face and barks low and mournfully, as she well knows how to do, he will take the last bit of bacon from his own mouth and give it to her. If she droops her head, and appears stupid or unwell, he remains at home in church time, on the Sabbath, to nurse and watch over her. If she makes a little low noise, half-grunt, half-groan like, as she well knows how to do, when she wishes to be noticed, my uncle runs to her relief, catches her in his arms, lays her on her little velvet couch, and at one time when there appeared signs of illness, I knew him to watch by her all night.

But women have far *more power* than this little governor of my uncle, because they know more, and can speak, and, on account of their sex, are essential to men, but with the exception of this last, it is the *same kind* of power.

"Every woman is born with a master mind, that is to say, with a mind to be master if she can."—*Cincinnati (Ohio) Commercial.*

This outburst of that kind of feeling that belongs only to big-necked dogs, and the spirit in which it is read and received, affords clear evidence to me that men are generally conscious that woman, more especially woman in America, is *born free*,—born with natural and noble desires for independence. But they have been able to keep her in subjection all the time; *willing subjection;* and haven't they done *something big!*

"THE WOMEN PROSECUTING LIQUOR SELLERS.—The women of Manchester, N. H., have undertaken to stop the liquor traffic. We learn from the local papers that on Friday they prosecuted one individual, thirty or forty of them marching boldly into the place where justice is dispensed, and one of them, Mrs. B., testifying that she bought of the gentleman on trial a quantity of the troublesome article. The respondent was ordered to give $500 bonds for appearance at a higher court, and not to violate the law previous to that time. The viragos, in answer to questions from gentlemen of the bar, gave such replies as, "It's none of your business," "I shan't tell," etc.—*Columbus (O.) Capital City Fact.*

I have since heard, from private individuals who were present at the above-named trial, that "the ladies for the most part were handsome, graceful, and elegant, and, as they marched out independently, presented a most beautiful spectacle; every one looked and admired; and when the first fair, delicate child of light stepped boldly, proudly, and firmly into the halls of justice, turning to look upon her followers with a most bewitching air of importance—captain like—there was a low, involuntary, half-suppressed murmur of applause; and when a sharp-nosed three-foot-and-a-half lawyer asked one of them a question in a bold, impudent manner, as much as to say, 'You have no right to expect politeness from us, unless you do all things to please us,' and she replied, 'It 's none of your business, sir,' her lip curled so proudly, and there sparkled in her eye such indignation, the murmur became louder, and there were heard, amidst numerous indistinct utterances, and unfinished sentences, 'Lovely, proud woman;' 'Every man present admires her, say what you will.'"

I compared these private remarks of individuals with the overwrought, bloated statements of the *City Fact*, and it seemed to me that the former were

evidently true. I could but ask myself, Why is it that this individual *wishes* to call falsehood to his aid? Does their transaction affect himself, his business, or his prospects in any manner? Not at all. Why is it that he takes an evident and secret pleasure in calling up this unimportant incident from the far East, just on purpose to slander some women who were interested in the same? Is it because they have harmed himself, or that he expects harm at their hands? Not at all; he never saw them, and never expects to see them. Why does he allow his feelings to foam and rave about within his own breast, in search for the sharpest weapon that can be found, till at last, he bursts into the fearful anathema, *virago?* Is it because he has any thing against those women? Not at all; it is for no other reason in the world, than that *he wishes to scare the rest of the women!* If those ladies had taken just *only one man* along, for *captain*, all that talk would have been spared; 't was only because they began to get "uppish notions into their heads," and really thought they could go out if they chose, "without hanging on to a man's coat tail." If they had chosen just *one man for captain*, they would have been considered the sweetest creatures living, and the people of Ohio would never, perhaps,

have heard about the ladies of Manchester, New Hampshire.

But should not ladies first be considered capable and worthy of having a *voice in the laws that govern them*, and *afterwards* capable, by joint effort, of enforcing obedience to the laws? Gentlemen, by united action, enact the laws, and then, by union of force, compel ladies to heed the laws. Let ladies have *equal privileges* in this, and you 'll not see manifestations of so many "uppish notions" as you now witness. Many people have no idea of *equality;* they think that either gentlemen must govern ladies, or ladies must govern gentlemen; therefore they imagine they are doing *big things* so long as they are able to keep women in subjection,—poor, weak creatures, all in *willing subjection*, frisking round their lords, and ridiculing each other, never daring to unite for any object on earth, excepting to hold female prayer-meetings,—an object very worthy, to be sure, to implore our dear Saviour to rule over us, and make us all more like himself, but this is all; were they seen holding meetings, or sitting in council with any other end in view, the gentlemen have only to make allusion, in the most distant manner possible, to "virago," and it 's all broken up suddenly; the ladies will run

quickly behind the first door they see, and peep through a crevice to see what woman has had the presumption to remain out alone.

In speaking of governing, though, it is perfectly easy to govern such men as penned the article concerning the ladies of Manchester, they 're so niggardly, as well as a little *negroey*.

"How many wives would do well to emulate the virtue of the Shawnee Indian woman, who was met by a man who asked her to look on him and love him. 'My husband,' said she, 'is ever before my eyes, and *hinders me from seeing you, or any one else.*' "—*Cincinnati (Ohio) Commercial.*

There is as much said about how women should love their husbands, as there is about how they should heed their ways, and be virtuous; and as little said about *virtuous men*, as there is about how much men should *love their wives*.

"MANNERS, MALE AND FEMALE.—Who can tell why women are expected, on pain of censure and avoidance, to conform to a high standard of behavior, while men are indulged in another a great deal lower? We never could fully understand why men should be tolerated in the chewing of tobacco, in smoking, and in spitting everywhere almost, and at all times, whereas a woman can not do any of these things without exciting aversion and disgust.

"Why ought a man to be allowed such self-indulgence, putting his limbs and person in all manner of attitudes, however uncouth and distasteful, merely because such vulgarities yield him temporary ease, while a woman is always required to preserve an attitude, if not of positive grace, at least of decency and propriety, from which if she departs, though but for an instant, she forfeits respect, and is instantly branded as a low creature.

"Can anybody say why a man, when he has the toothache, or is called to suffer in any other way, should be permitted, as a matter of course, to groan and bellow, and vent his feelings very much in the style of an animal not endowed with reason, while a woman, similarly suffering, must bear it in silence and decorum? Why should men, as a class, habitually, and as a matter of right, boldly wear the

coarsest qualities of human nature on the outside, and swear, and bully, and brutify themselves, so that they are obliged to be put into separate pens in the cars on railroads, and at the depots, while women must appear with an agreeable countenance, if not in smiles, even when the head, or perhaps the heart aches, and are expected to let nothing ill-tempered, disagreeable, or even unhappy, to appear outwardly, but to keep all these concealed in their bosoms, to suffer as they may, lest they might otherwise lessen the cheerfulness of others?"—*Newark Advertiser.*

Why lay such great blame upon the gentlemen? They are already just what the ladies approve, and love, and marry. Not one of them but who can get married any minute when he may say the word, though not one of them will marry a woman who has ever in her life made the slightest misstep.

It is a common saying, generally admitted as truth, that "actions speak louder than words;" gentlemen say to ladies, We know you *must marry,* because this is the only thing you can do in the world; this truth you repeat in our presence, daily and hourly. We, also, desire to marry; God has given us natures that become more noble, more manly, more generous, in companionship with woman;

natures that can not be perfected, as our happiness can not be full, without permanent union with the opposite sex; and yet we have never allowed the customs of society to *compel* us to marry, nor shall we ever allow this; shackle us for servile toil under our fellow man rather. We can do precisely as we please about this, forever, and in all time, and we are the more respected for this independence. Nor have we declared there are some kinds of labor in which we have no right to engage, because women can do the same better. We have labored in woman's sphere; we continue to do this; we are now taking money for the last and the poorest employment in which woman herself has acknowledged she has a right. All commerce is ours,—all navigation is ours; and were all white men so weakly in body that none could be found able to stand before the mast, still all navigation should be ours,—we would employ black men to serve us. All mercantile business is ours, all mechanics is ours, all practical science is ours, and a position which gives all knowledge is ours;—consequently, our independence and powerful determination never to allow the customs of society to enslave us. We know the exalted happiness of independence, consequently our contempt for those who acknowledge themselves

happy in dependence, because they know no higher happiness. We see the little puppy lie down at our feet, and look up in our face, and we know that this feeling of dependence on us is his supreme happiness, his most perfect felicity, because he is so inferior that his brain is much smaller. We have said to woman, Do this and we will marry you, and she doeth it; Do that and you will get a husband, and she doeth it; but our contempt for woman may be seen in all our talk concerning her, and more particularly in the laws with which we govern her. We have said to woman, We have a perfect right to do as we please in all things, and you have no right to meddle with our business in any manner whatever. We have a right to improper conduct if we take a notion to indulge ourselves; we have a right to licentiousness, but you must appear to have no knowledge of our errors, though everybody knows you understand them; and when our evil habits become so bold and so public that you can no longer deny them, then it's your right, and your place, to *weep and pray*, but you must never profess to love us less for these. Look up to man,—acknowledge your dependence,—look upon all his wickedness as grand features in his character,—as *strength*, in

the presence of which you must feel *awe*, and attend to your own business, otherwise we will not marry you—and she hath invariably replied, 'Lo, sirs, all this will we do, and thank you, too. We see, at once, that to please you, we should know all these things for ourselves; we should know our place without waiting for you to tell us; we will be virtuous, though not for virtue's sake, because we love and admire vice in you; we will keep ourselves for you, for this is our business; we will emulate each other in this business, to see who can get a husband first; we will try so hard to excel in being nice, that there shall be now and then one found who shall be called prudish; but as soon as the man of the newspaper cries *prude*, we 'll run to the other extreme,—and she 's the most fortunate, after all, who remains midway, though she does this with a view to success in her line of business. [Not that woman is naturally corrupt, but the customs of society compel her to be secretly so.] Whatever is your will and pleasure that we should be, you need not tell us plainly, but just hint in the most distant manner, and we shall immediately conform ourselves; we *must marry*, because there is nothing else that we can do; there is no other occupation that we have any right to follow,—

at least, none that will bring us fortunes, and homes, and luxuries, and ability to do as we please in regard to marriage, therefore this shall be our daily and nightly study; and all things shall be sacrificed for this end.'

The Newark *Advertiser* asks, "Why is it that man is allowed to do all things vulgar, while woman alone must heed her ways, and mind what she does?" This is not on account of woman's purity; if so, she would not countenance and admire impurity in man; it is for the same reason that the Indian woman of the West plants her corn, hoes, and digs, while her grand lord sits at his ease and smokes his pipe;—it is for the same reason that the Indian woman of the East waits, while her grand lord partakes of his repast, then meekly, and gently, and quietly goes in and takes his leavings, *calling this her female modesty and shrinking delicacy;*—it is for the same reason that the concubine of an eastern seraglio talks more than does the pure and virtuous woman, about how women should know their place, and not try to act like men;—it is because woman is man's tool forever,—in all things, and without shame for this.

"Mrs. Patton, the woman who so heroically navigated a ship into California, after her husband lost his mind, is now dangerously ill in Boston, with typhoid fever,—consequent upon the fatigue and exposure incident to the voyage, and her untiring devotion to her husband."—*Dayton (Ohio) Journal.*

I saw the above paragraph in five out of eleven newspapers that lay on my table at one time. The gentlemen can not say too much about the heroism and excellency of Mrs. Patton, because all that she did, was done on account of her husband. A woman may navigate a ship, provided she does it for the sake of her husband, at the same time they wish to convey the idea that women generally could not do the same; just this one trip made Mrs. Patton *dangerously ill with the typhoid fever.* Women should not think of doing the like for the sake of independence of position;—such a thing is barely possible, and never excusable, excepting when done in obedience to men,—or, at least, for the sake of some one man.

CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL, (GA.)—I read about the wise and prudent economy of the State of Illinois, its revenue, its taxable property, its railroads; and then about Central American legation, and about commercial conventions in the South, and public and private honor, and General Scott and Secretary Davis, and markets, and laws, and news from Congress; and then last, but the editor would have you understand, it is not *least*, there was

"SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.—A medical journal of authority remarks that were the kind of gloves and shoes worn by those who would not think themselves fashionably dressed, if either was as easy as the natural covering of their skin, imposed by the sentence of a judge, for infringing a statute law, how awfully cruel it would be considered. Yet those who thus confine the blood-vessels, and embarrass the circulation, can not account for their headaches, paralytic shocks, palpitations, and other disturbances of the vital apparatus, as they have uniformly avoided all excess."

Dear ladies, how essential that you should not think so much about your tiny hands and feet, and

press them so much, and get so many paralytic shocks, and other disturbances. If you have nothing else to think about,—you should think about,—the Cheraw (South Carolina) Gazette seems to think that you should pay some attention to your faces and to your hair as well as to your hands and feet.

"SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.—Prayer books are now for sale, with a looking-glass inserted in the inner side of the cover, in order that ladies may arrange their hair, or admire themselves, while using the book at church."

Another thinks that ladies should take some pains to prolong the reign of their charms.

"AMERICAN BEAUTY.—The beauty of American women may fairly be said to throw down the gauntlet to the world, not excluding Circassia and Persia from the challenge. A beautiful American girl in her teens need not fear to stand side by side with the loveliest houri of the Caucasus. The intelligence beaming from her eyes would shame the soulless expression of the Oriental charmer. A German traveler once remarked of our ladies: 'One might compare their beauty to that of an elegantly turned period, in which you can not alter one word without destroying the

whole sentence; or, to use a more correct simile, to a finished piece of poetry, by the alteration of a single syllable, degenerates into prose.' Our ladies should take care, by using proper exercise, to prolong the reign of their charms, and refute the charge that their beauty is as fleeting as it is peerless "

Another European traveler, (Miss Bremer), in speaking of the beauty of American females, has said, "there is something lacking, I think it is expression;" but this is the opinion of a lady, and gentlemen can better judge of the beauty of ladies, at least the above writer is perfectly willing that they should know they are beautiful,—he even thinks they should devote more time and attention to their beauty, because gentlemen, generally, do not care how beautiful they are; the more, the better, so that they do not get notions into their heads that they have a right to any thing besides a beautiful face and other charms for the gentlemen. It is getting to be rather popular with the gentlemen that paralytic shocks and other disturbances are not so charming as they have been considered, for it is well known that weak mothers can not have strong sons, and it stands the gentlemen in hand to promote every thing that gives themselves

manhood and power, therefore they say, healthy women are charming, well knowing that they have only to say to women, be healthy and we will call you lovely, and lo, immediately, all the ladies are putting forth their mightiest efforts to be strong and healthy, and she who is frail and puny is burning with jealousy and envy towards her whom the gentlemen consider more lovely. Or, they have only to say, be frail and helpless and we will call you lovely, when lo, immediately, all ladies are lacing, and gasping, and fainting, and after they have flattened every thing to the bone, they shave the bone a little, and she who is fat and masculine is envious of her whom the gentlemen consider more lovely.

"A California Wife.—We have been told that when John Bigler, late Governor of the State of California, was a member of the State Legislature, Mrs. Bigler, his wife, absolutely washed the clothes of some of the honorable gentlemen for so much a dozen. At the time of his election, Bigler was very poor, and his per diem was hardly enough for himself and his wife to live on in these prodigal times.—To make both ends meet, and save something against a rainy day, Madam Bigler put her shoulder to the wheel as above stated.

"Now, won't this be rather startling to the pale faced, attenuated damsels of the East, who scream and faint at the sight of a wash-tub or cobweb? Think of it. The wife of an ex-Governor with her sleeves and gown rolled up bending over a wash-tub, while her husband, with his clean dicky standing upright, chafing his ears, rose to a question of privilege, 'Mr. Speaker, Mr. S-p-e-a-k-e-r!' And then think of the ex-washerwoman being feted, three years after, as the wife of the Governor of the State of California, worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—enough money to make heads of universal snobdom duck and dive like an affrighted water-fowl in a thunderstorm. Good for the Pennsylvania Dutch girl!—Five hundred years hence, when the historian lifts the veil from the catacombs of the past and writes the history of the unforgotten dead, he may, perhaps, append this little episode to the history of one of California's Governors; and the little ragged girls that then go down to dip water from the Rio Sacramento, may think better of their mothers who have to labor, because a long time ago Mrs. John Bigler, the Governor's wife filled her wash-tub from the same noble river."—*Newberry (S. C.) Rising Sun.*

Dear ladies, you see, now, you can get a husband just as soon if you pitch right into things, as though you were to go mincing about. Think of it; if you

roll up your sleeves and gown, and steam and tear about a little, you may yet get a Governor for a husband; and it is certainly desirable to be the wife of some one who is great,—to be the wife of somebody, is all you should expect, for you are only *women*, and should not expect to be known and spoken of only on account of the greatness of your lords. And then to be *feted* because you are a great man's wife,—what an *awful* honor! And then to be known in history because *your lord* was accounted worthy of the public confidence,—it is too much; any one, being *merely a woman*, and could ask for more, must be insane. Should an American gentleman be heard talking about being feted because his wife had been favored with some of the public confidence, he would be a laughing-stock for all the rest of the men, and yet we talk about the equality of men and women.

"LAMARTINE'S OPINION OF WOMEN.—The following, from one of his last works, will give our readers a pleasant introduction to the writings of this distinguished Frenchman: Woman, with weaker passions than man, is superior to him by the soul. The Gauls attribute to her an additional sense. They were right. Nature has given women two painful but heavenly

gifts which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature—comparison and enthusiasm. By comparison they devote themselves. What more does heroism require? They have more heart and more imagination than men."—*Wilmington (N. C.) Commercial.*

When the writer penned the above, he knew that ladies would read, and sure enough, they have; I heard two wives contending over the same extract, each endeavoring to show that she was more devoted, more loving, more lovely, and more beloved than the other. Each giving glowing descriptions of sacrifices made for loved ones, and each, by given examples, proving that her husband was kinder, more attentive, and more tender than her neighbor's husband. This pleases the writer,—he is quite willing that woman should be "devoted." She may have more heart and more imagination; if she has more heart, it is for man; if she has more imagination, all extant literary productions prove that it is not so efficient; that it is not so powerful, therefore, when he writes thus about women, and for them, with the evident expectation of pleasing them; it is also evident that he considers them deficient in strength and clearness of under-

standing. He is quite willing that the Gauls should attribute to her an additional sense, and even raise her above human nature and blow her about up there like a feather before the breath; but just give him the slightest intimation that you believe her to be man's superior in strength of character, or in what distinguishes him from the lower animals, and he will be indignant. Scientific men, even in our own country, have published books and declared to the world that it has been ascertained by measurement, that gentlemen have larger *brains* than ladies;—this ladies read, and pass by quite thoughtlessly, without one blush; but you hint to the above writer in real sober earnest that you think ladies have larger brains than gentlemen, and should he think this *possible*, he would be ready to tear your eyes out.

The St. Paul (Minnesota) *Times*, thus notices the arrival in that city of a lady from Superior:

"A Western Woman.—The estimable lady of one of our first citizens came through from Superior, and during the entire drive of three hundred miles, the thermometer ranged from ten to forty degrees below zero. Her external dress was a pair of buffalo boots, a large otter cap, and a pair of fur pantaloons, into

which she introduced herself, and enjoyed, we are assured, a pleasant and comfortable trip. Let our territorial stage-drivers be cautious, lest, among a load of barbarous *genus homo*, they may entertain angels unawares."

It appears to be a matter of astonishment with the editor, in the first place, that any woman could make such a trip, and secondly, that "the estimable lady of one of their first citizens," should *dare* to make herself comfortable during the drive.

"A Resolute Lady.—A Boston lady crossing the street the other day, saved herself from being run over by an approaching hack, by seizing the neck of one of the horses, and holding on until the team was stopped. Her clothes were badly torn, but she was not seriously hurt."

It is remarkable that any lady should have so much resolution as to save her own life; and it appears still more astonishing after reading the following:

"Women.—Women are queer ducks! What they lack in courage, they make up in excitement and consternation. Your correspondent called upon Mrs. Frisbie the other day, and found her and her four

daughters flying about the house as though they had 'gone' mad, without any probability of their returning. The entire party were armed, too, like a set of Algerine pirates boarding a stray East Indiaman. Mrs. Frisbie brandished a rusty musket, while her 'darters' sported three large cheese-knives and a silver bougie. The latter article had been hastily snatched from the Doctor's instrument case. And what does the reader suppose this was all about? Matilda Jane, while sweeping behind 'the front room sofy,' had been frightened by a juvenile mouse! The 'wee beastie,' after an hour's chase, had instinctively crept somewhere into Matilda Jane's stocking,—a retreat from which delicacy forbade us to attempt its dislodgement. When we left, the mouse had the best of the fight. Mrs. F. was standing on the center-table, while her three daughters had rendered their position impregnable by covering their flanks with the fire-board and a pair of coal scuttles. I repeat, queer ducks, these women! And yet, if they were the equals of men,—if they had their strength, masculinity, and courage,—we should cease to admire them. The only reason that we love plants better than trees, is because they are more tender and dependent. If japonicas could withstand the usage meted out to maples and sycamores, they would have about the same popularity. The hardy rosebush that 'can stand the winter,' receives no affectionate caresses from any-

body, while the delicate monthly that thrives only in sunshine and heated air, is taken up and nursed with as much care as if it were a newly-arrived baby. Make woman as coarse and muscular as coal-heavers, and petticoats would soon become as anti-philogistic as so many ice-houses."—*Newberry* (*South Carolina*) *Rising Sun.*

No woman, after reading the above, will take hold of a horse's neck in the street,—she will die a dozen deaths first. Just mention the name of coal-heavers; just hint that you consider some other woman coarse and muscular,—or that some other woman's petticoat is anti-philogistic,—and you have her in subjection; you will see her immediately looking round her, carefully and tremblingly, to see whether she has ever done any thing that might be called coarse and muscular; if she discovers nothing, then with reassurance she takes another peep at the mirror, imagining that she is as lovely and tender as a "newly-arrived baby," and standing ready to curl the lip and wink knowingly at her who, being more masculine, scorns to be nursed as a baby, and governed as one. And sure enough, she is little more than a newly-arrived baby. With envy, jealousy, and contempt for her equals in position; with kindness for the

opposite sex,—so beautiful it has been likened to the heart of God,—and cruelty towards her own,—that has been likened to the coldness of the grave; with passive, subordinate will; with light and trifling vanity; with quick perceptions, without any profound thought; with every characteristic of subjugated and governed people; with keen, observing eye, and watchful, quick temper, like the little puppy who growls at his equal, and, with the very same breath, licks his master's hand; with quick, nimble motions, both of mind and body, like all creatures who are said to have smaller brains than man; with soul humbled, and body richly attired, she stands, the crowning work of the six days' creation, looking at the rings on her fingers,—satisfied with being called a tender monthly, and a newly-arrived baby; talking about what an easy time she has, and how kind gentlemen are to her. "Queer ducks, these women!" The writer seems to say, "Who would think that creatures who have no courage could be so playful, so bewitching, so excitable? Who could expect so much from nothing." He is astonished to find so much life in such weakness, and such bewitching life, too. The delighted creature feels that 't were ungallant and unmanly not to praise them; therefore away

with all your talk about strength, and let him burst in eloquent praise of weakness. He knows, too, right well, how to govern "queer ducks," when he mentions something about coarse and muscular coal-heavers, and anti-philogistic petticoats.

Another writer is of opinion that American women suffer similarly and equally with harems of the East:

"Decay of Female Beauty.—European books of American travel give credit to American ladies for an exquisite style of beauty, but pronounce it equally fragile. Our women decay early, it is said. I do not question the remark, but it applies to all ladies where factitious causes interfere with nature's own conditions of health and beauty. The famous beauty of the Orient decays still earlier than ours. The fairest women of the Levant are old before twenty; and false hair, as well as artificial tints, are universal in the harems of the East. An almost entirely indoor life there, accounts for the fact. With us, the same evil causes similar premature decay. Our climate shuts our families within doors during a large portion of the year; and badly-contrived coal fires create an atmosphere in which salamanders might sicken, and our women and children perish,—our men barely escaping by the more active outdoor habits which their business pursuits impose. While the barbarous East, and the

new West suffer in this manner, European countries have the good sense to avoid the evil. English women have a better apology than ours for self-improvement against their climate; but they are almost as vigorous in their outdoor habits as our men, and what blooming, buxom health they have!

"English and Americans are the most frequently-met travelers on the continent, the present year; you see them everywhere on the accustomed routes, and you can always distinguish their women instanter. The English woman is robust, roseate, and joyous with conscious vigor; the American is the very image of female delicacy,—beautiful, but fragile as a flower. The one you admire as you would a fine Amazon, capable of mastering her horse, and her foe also, if need be; the other appeals to your tenderness, and even to your sympathy, as needing your protection. Which is the most interesting, depends upon tastes,—and 'there is no accounting for taste,' you know; but it is not difficult to say which is the most comfortable, which enjoys best the route, and, indeed, the whole of life."—*Correspondence Zion's Herald.*

The *Herald* seems to think there are causes with us that interfere with nature's own conditions of health and beauty; but why does he say our *climate* shuts our families within doors? It seems to me

this is not true. He reasons with man about "tastes," and about "who is most interesting," and about what should be done with "*our women and children;*" but he dare not say *children and women;* ladies would not allow that; willing to be classed with children, as they always are, yet they will be first in the class. They "decay," as the *Herald* affirms, and yet they never become mature, as the manner of his talk concerning them plainly indicates. He thinks that men might as well *allow* them to be robust and roseate, because they would enjoy life better. After reading his paragraphs, the inference the mind naturally makes is, that wherever man considers woman "interesting" to be Amazon, there she is Amazon, and wherever he considers her "interesting" to be weakly, there she is weakly; that men can have women of any character, condition, manner, and disposition they may happen to fancy, just by declaring, *this we consider interesting;* that woman is man's tool, to be taken up and handled whenever, wherever, and however it may suit his pleasure, or laid by whenever he wills. But he thinks, on the whole, men might as well be generous, and allow women a little independence.

Going "the rounds" of the papers, we find Lamartine's eulogy for women:

"Women are more naturally heroic than men. All nations have, in their annals, some of those miracles of patriotism of which woman is the instrument in the hands of God. When all is desperate in a national cause, we need not yet despair while there remains a spark of resistance in a woman's heart."

O, mysterious woman! One is of opinion that it is her nature to frisk, and scream, and run from a mouse; that she should not dare to manifest any strength, or courage, or resistance, under the penalty of having her *petticoat* considered *anti-philogistic;* another thinks that she is naturally more courageous as a *warrior* than man; that a people's independence and prosperity are secure only in her *strength;* that a nation's power and might rest, not in her virtue, nor in her wisdom, but in her *resistance.* In the midst of these wise, extravagant sayings, and conflicting notions of woman, she stands, idiot-like, with nothing to say of herself, and, as a matter of course,

considering it out of her province to say any thing concerning men. An observer sees more evidence in this, that woman is man's tool, than in any of their positive assertions concerning her *natural dependence, and charming weakness.*

"Poetry in Woman's Word.—We have all read the story of the husband, who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who but a few months before had united her fate to his—'If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and to your happiness.'

"'And will you give me back that which I brought to you?' asked the despairing wife. 'Yes,' he replied, 'all your wealth shall go with you,—I covet it not.' 'Alas!' she answered, 'I thought not of my wealth,—I spoke of my maiden affection,—of my buoyant hope,—of my devoted love; can you give these back to me?' 'No!' said the man, throwing himself at her feet. 'No! I can not restore these; but I will do more,—I will keep them unsullied and unstained. I will cherish them through life and in my death, and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cheer her who gave up to me all that she held most dear.'

"Did I not tell you there was poetry in woman's word? See it here,—the mild, gentle reproof of love, winning back, from its harshness and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah, if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fierce battles would be unfought,—how much of unhappiness and coolness would be avoided."—*Sumter* (*S. C.*) *Watchman.*

How insidiously the writer takes from woman her independence, and consequently her strength and life, and then when her abject soul bows before man, imploring him to step lightly upon a thing that must necessarily remain under his feet,—saying, how can you be so cruel as to offend a thing so poor,—most beautifully calls this *poetry.*—He wishes her to *know* and *see* her weakness,—she should win by love, not because it is right to do so, but because it is *policy* to do so;—it is her "strongest weapon;"—*one* must yield, therefore it is essential that she should yield, because she is the weaker;—he wishes her to understand that her *will* is as a drop in the ocean, while man's is the ocean, sweeping powerfully along; swallowing, sometimes, the whole earth.

"If creation's fairer sex only knew;"—they do know it is not physical might that overcomes, but the

strength of the will, and the writer wishes them to see how entirely useless 't were for them to think of opposing strength to strength; they had better know and understand this at once,—because 't would prevent much "coolness and unhappiness." He levels woman's soul with the dust; and when an occasional foot bears too heavily and compels her to shriek for relief, he condescends to soothe her with *pity*, and then offering a little sugar for her digestion, looks proudly up as though he had done something great, saying lo, behold our *gallantry!—an't we kind to the ladies?*

"WOMAN'S WILL.—Dip the Atlantic ocean dry with a teaspoon, twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay their printers; send up fishing hooks with balloons and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a mosqueto with a brickbat; hold Gibraltar out at arms length; pick your teeth with a streak of lightning; in short prove all things hitherto con-

sidered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she WILL, when she has made up her mind that she WON'T."—*Barnwell (S. C.) Sentinel.*

There is a disposition here to ridicule woman's *will.* Say to the man who penned, or to the one who copied the foregoing, that he would, under any circumstances, yield to woman's will; not from love, pity, nor gallantry, but simply because he is compelled to yield to hers, being a stronger force,—that he would yield to her will, simply because it is her will,—not his *condescension*, but his *duty* to obey; and he will laugh you to scorn; therefore, when he holds up to light this remarkable, this astonishing power of woman, it is only for his own amusement, or to surprise people with his new discoveries, or with his power of elucidating truth, as every one will readily acknowledge that woman can be "right stubborn and naughty," in particular when she knows it pleases men better, to be so. But you must not *often* call her willful, it sounds out of place to do so; *generally* she must be called beautiful, tender, and lovely. For the same reason, you should not give her titles of honor, such as Judge, or Doctor; Honorable, or Reverend. Now every one knows that a parrot is a very

beautiful creature, it has shiny feathers and it has dark and sparkling eyes;—it knows a great deal too, it can do whatever it knows you wish it to do, and it can appear quite stubborn and willful, sometimes, when it knows it pleases you better to be so, and it can say whatever it has heard others say; but were you to introduce your parrot to your male friends, and say, Gentlemen, I 'll make you acquainted with the Honorable Polly;—Gentlemen, this is the Right Reverend Polly, this is Judge Polly, or Doctor Polly; everybody would laugh, 'twould sound quite as odd and a little more out of place than it would to call a woman Honorable, or Right Reverend, or Judge, or Doctor. It sounds odd and unnatural to give any object of contempt a title of honor or respect, though that object may be ever so beautiful. An object who is said to have smaller brains; to call that object Judge, sounds out of place indeed.

A creature who is said to be pure, not because there is strength of character to resist temptation, and do right under all circumstances, but because there is so little strength of passion that the object is considered in no danger, if kept in retirement, and not allowed to go out often alone,—to call such a being Right Honorable or Reverend, would sound unnatural.

"For the Ladies.—One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to women insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly; it did not make them in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice in order to be employed in scolding."—*Darlington*, (*S. C.*) *Flag.*

This one is perfectly willing that women should know they are sweet,—the sweetest creatures in existence,—sweet temper,—sweet voice. Heaven gave them sweetness,—they should never forget that they are sweet. He does not mention the fact that woman is the crowning work of creation, with a voice five tones and two semi-tones higher than a man's voice,—that can be heard alone, above the loudest or heaviest voices of thirty or forty gentlemen. He does not say, Woman, look up! you have power over the destinies of the human race that man has not, inasmuch as you could people the world with boys, without one girl, or you could people the world with girls, without one boy,—or, without one act of violence, without one crime, and even without one self-sacrifice, you could render the human race

extinct quite suddenly. He says, "Be sweet, because it is your nature." If he should talk about his own nature, he would say, "It is *power*." As a matter of course, his temper is *power*, and his voice is *power;* he has a right to be sweet or bitter, just as he chooses. He is expected to scold, and fret, and rave; that 's his business. Ladies have no right to tell him what he should be. You should notice what he recommends, and try to act accordingly. If he wishes you to be sweet, you must say, "Lo, we know it is our nature to be sweet,"—but you must not think of publishing paragraphs stating what you think man should be. You *dare not* do this for your life; he would call you masculine, unlady-like, trying to act like men, etc. Do not forget you are too sweet, and too lady-like to write paragraphs for newspapers; remember, you feel *above* this. Though he may attack you publicly, you should receive all passively, for it is woman's nature to be passive; you should not think of retorting publicly,—you are too sweet and lady-like; nor *dare* you do this, though you should wish to,—he will "put your name in the paper," and you can not help yourself, for you should not edit a newspaper,—you are too sweet and lady-like. You may tell him you do not *wish* to conduct the publications of news-

papers,—that you feel *above* that, and he's not at all insulted,—he bows in a reverential manner, and calls you sweet. And you had better speak thus; if you should, in good earnest, say you have a desire for this business, a thousand hisses will greet you, and you will, ere-long, wish you had never been born. Do not think of it, dear ones,—you should do and be just what the gentlemen think is best. In some parts of the country women go into town, splashing along through the mud, driving their horses and their oxen,—unload their carts,—sell their butter, eggs, lard,—sell their *hay, corn, and oats,*—hitch their teams, feed, harness, and return,—and no one laughs or winks slily, or sneers; no one publishes their transactions in the newspapers; no one notices them, because they do this for men; men allow them to do so. If one should insult them when thus employed, he would be drummed out of town for insulting a woman; they shall be protected in their business, because they are doing this for men; men have permitted them; but should a lady step into her carriage, the perfect master of her horses,—manage them adroitly,—drive away wherever her pleasure might direct, independently, as though she had a right to do so,—she would be a laughing-stock; all

the little boys in the street would be sent after her, hooting and making fun of her, while the rest of the women would slily, behind some door, peep through a crevice, and enjoy a secret pleasure in view of the fact that one who had been so presumptuous as to do what they dare not do, should find herself very much annoyed. Oh woman! what a tool for man in *every thing!* Over this I wonder whether angels weep,—or do they laugh!

"A woman's tongue has been found capable, on actual experiment, to move one thousand, six hundred and ninety-nine and a half times a minute. And what is still more wonderful, they never wear out."—*Edgefield* (*S. C.*) *Advertiser.*

Woman is not only *sweet,* but she's wonderful. Do they not feel honored when gentlemen condescend to make some pretty little remark about them in every paper.

"WOMEN.—They are a great mystery. According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow older, and are never bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions, (on the contrary, they will run after lions); and according to Gunter, they can talk a few!"—*Marion* (*S. C.*) *Star.*

Are not women flattered and pleased with the above? To be sure they are,—and the writer knows it. Are not gentlemen pleased with ladies? To be sure they are. The bewitching, mischievous, sprightly, beautiful creatures, the gentlemen could not live without them. There is nothing in the world that could gratify men so completely as women; there is nothing so pretty,—nothing so bewitching,—nothing so convenient,—nothing so useful, and at the same time so willing and so kind; the dear creatures, how ungrateful not to notice them in the papers, and utter nice little sayings about them; 't were manly thus to *stoop*, inasmuch as there is nothing in the world that can please you as well as they can.

"A SOLEMN FACT.—The *Southern Cultivator* says: 'It is a solemn fact, that not one marriageable girl in twenty, can make a really good cup of coffee.' A fact so serious as should immediately engage the attention of all marriageable girls,—shouldn't it?"—*Bristol (Va. and Tenn.) News.*

Girls, you can not marry, unless you ascertain what the gentlemen require of you, and act accordingly. Only *one* has said make coffee, therefore you need not make coffee,—you can marry another; but as soon as they *all* say make coffee, then you must make coffee, and you can not avoid it,—you must, and can not help yourself. Gentlemen join in effort and in action, in all times, for all purposes. They have secret societies, and for many objects they make union their strength, when the secret and the purpose is not made known even to their wives. They have reverence one for another,—they frequently become enthusiastic in the praise of a superior among them,—they exalt each other,—they promote each other. Women have none of the public confidence; they can not promote any thing, consequently they have contempt for each other,—and when they get

the use of a little power, in the most indirect manner, you 'll generally see them make tyrannical use of it. A woman in one of their holy places or sanctuaries of the East, that they call the Zananah, has no mercy on the offending subordinate; she will cause her child to be killed, and frequently herself to be pitched into the sea. The women of the slave States of America, are said to be harder masters than the men. We have sanctuaries, and places that we call holy, too, in America, which have an equal tendency to corrupt the heart, and render the mind diseased. In every large mansion-house, in every steamboat, in every hotel, you 'll see the nice little *holy place* for the ladies. Gentlemen stay outside, and discuss questions of science, and of government; they learn from each other; they not only gain knowledge, but they discipline the mind with the abstruse questions of government,—while the ladies are considered too *holy* to hear, and *far too holy* to speak on any subject. The contempt for woman that curses India, is a dark spot in America, where vipers breed.

The *Valley Democrat*, of Virginia, calls women a "luxury for man," and says if they do not mind the children, etc., and make themselves useful in that

way, "they are an extravagant luxury, that men had better dispense with."

Do women blush when they read this? Not at all. They read, and lay down the paper quite coolly, and unconcernedly; they do not think of being indignant, but rather feel proud that they can afford men so full and complete a gratification as to be characterized by the epithet "luxury." As to men dispensing with them, they know that 's "all talk"—they have no fears on that ground; they are very well aware that men can not live without them, therefore they make arbitrary use of their power, so long as they are a luxury; and when they are old,—kind, good old ladies, whose gray hairs every little boy considers a disgrace to the wearer,—kind, good old ladies, whom men can not yet dispense with,—they are so patient, so tender, and so motherly,—then they "*wear caps.*"

I recollect upon one occasion, a gentleman in conversation said to me, "*We do reverence, we do venerate women.*" To this I made no reply, as I knew that himself was conscious, even then, that he was uttering a falsehood; but we continued the conversation, and

in the course of a half hour he had forgotten his former remark, and in the meantime became very earnest in his efforts to show that it is not *woman's nature* to command reverence and veneration. In these, he pointed me to the gray hairs of an old man. "See," said he, "how naturally we venerate the gray hairs of an old man. Not so for woman," continued he, "she covers her gray hairs with shame."

"They are an extravagant luxury that men had better dispense with." Do gentlemen blush when they read this paragraph, indicating woman's deep degradation and prostitution of soul? Never; they light the cigar; sprawl themselves; read the newspaper, and when one's eye falls upon this article, he adds, "They're mighty convenient things, though, for men to keep about them, besides being a luxury; they're so tender-hearted and so watchful when one is ill." Gentlemen have no shame. For the sake of fostering and strengthening the notion in woman's mind that it is both improper and impossible for her to do more than marry, have a man's children for him, beg him for her bread, etc., they will laugh at every indignity society heaps upon her, while she receives all patiently, and continues on talking about her *influence* and how she feels *above* trying to act like men, etc.

People ask me, "Will not gentlemen do every thing in their power for the good of ladies?" I answer, when they are *great men*, they will, but so long as they are *great babies*, they will not. Men of all nations and ages have been husbands and fathers, and yet some of them have seen fit to level woman's condition with that of the brute creation. Men do not put on their manhood, their noble dignity, their lofty ambition that reaches upward till it merges in God.

"Men believe in the patience of women. Compliment the animal on any thing else, but not on that; it is a donkey's quality; were it her quality we should not dote on her. Her failings are those of the higher-bred animal.—It is her want of patience which is her charm and her curse. Did you ever notice a woman driving a pair of ponies? It is very pretty, but very peculiar.—She puts the teased things to their topmost speed. She is always whipping their dodging flanks. She is always looking right and left, twisting and tossing her fantastically covered head two ways at once. She sees the mighty 'buses,' and avoids them hundreds of yards before they come up. She goes ten feet too

much on one side in clearing the rushing cab or whirling chariot."—*Virginia Patriot.*

Those who have kept women in such dependence, or subjection, which is the same thing, that they dare not *learn* to manage ponies, are the very individuals who have greatest contempt for the sex.—Pretty little airy creature; how much like one of the "higher-bred animals."—What a pretty little "fantastically covered head!"—her head is so light, what a "twisting and tossing!"—*Oh! how pretty it looks!*

That one who has never known what *intellectual companionship* with woman is, should not, on account of his own unfortunate associations, thus degrade the whole sex. At least, it does not become him to take such evident pleasure in manifesting his contempt for woman.

"Ah, me!" said a pious lady, "our minister was a powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the word among us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces, and banged the in'ards out of five bibles!"—*Newberry (S. C.) Mirror.*

The remarkable sayings of negroes are spoken of in much the same manner as those of women. For example, the following from the

"ORANGEBURG SOUTHRON."

"'Why, Sambo, how black you are,' said a gentleman the other day, to a negro waiter at a hotel, 'how in the name of wonder did you get so black?' 'Why, look-a-here, massa, de reason am dis,—de day dis child was born, dere was an eclipse.' Ebony received a shilling for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued: 'I tell you what it is, massa, dis nigga may be black, but he an't green, no-how!'"

The "pious lady's" individuality of character strikes us as astonishing, surprising, unexpected, and Sambo's smart response impresses us in the same manner.

The cunning and mischievously grand exploits of women, are also delineated in the same light with the foolishness of the darkie. For examples:

"A lady recently missed her poodle dog, and commissioned a policeman to find the little dear, which he did. She was profuse in her thanks and asked the officer where he had found him.

"'Why,' said he, 'a big nigger, up here a bit, had him tied to a pole and was washing windows with him.'

"The lady had him washed with cologne, to remove the ignominy."—*Newberry* (*S. C.*) *Rising Sun.*

Another is this:—

"Niggers are the biggest fools on earth; not excepting monkeys. We sent one to Augusta the other day, for a lot of grape-roots, roses, and camelias, we had bought there; and he brought us back nothing but a 'Jimmy John' (as he called it), and a buggy umbrella.

"'Why didn't you bring the other things, boy?'

"'Couldn't find de place, sir.'"—*Edgefield* (*S. C.*) *Advertiser.*

What *wonderfully nice* things ladies do, and what *unthought-of, surprising* things negroes do!

"What the Ladies do.—The young ladies of Boston, before going to a party, rub their eyes with *extrait d'ognon*, to make them sparkle and give brilliant expression.

"The New York belles don Indiarubber stockings, to contract the feet and make them look small.

"The Providence beauties put a small clam-shell under the hollow of each foot to lift the instep and confer a well-made air to the pedals.

"The Philadelphia demoiselles eat persimmons, to draw their mouths up to a point, and give their lips a 'do-kiss-me' look.

"The Cincinnati ladies 'do up their curls' with hogs' tails, and when asked to marry, answer, *oui, oui, oui.*'"—*Sumter* (*S. C.*) *Watchman.*

Of course, the ladies wish to *look pretty,* because this is the first, and the last, and *all* that they can do; but these are the ladies of Boston, New York, Providence, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati; are there no other ladies who wish to look pretty?

I looked a little farther and saw an item in the

"ORANGEBURG (S. C.) SOUTHRON."

"LOVELY WOMAN—An article manufactured by milliners:

"'Who wants but little here below,
And wants that little for a show,'"

and I said, most assuredly there are ladies in all parts of the country who wish to look pretty.

"A PHILADELPHIA BALL.—It is stated, a magnificent ball was given by a celebrated leader of fashion in Philadelphia, on Thursday evening. Her spacious house was thrown open, and there was a profusion of expense incurred. A large number of guests were in attendance from New York, Baltimore, Boston, and other cities. The costumes of the ladies are described to have been rich and beautiful almost beyond precedent. The hostess herself appeared in a dress worth, it has been stated, $5,000! Jewels of almost fabulous value formed part of her costume, indeed it is presumed her entire dress and ornaments could not have fallen short of $50,000."—*Charleston (S. C.) Standard.*

Those who can not be publicly honored in any other way, invariably seek this honor in dress. It is in vain you may tell ladies it's not "their nature" to appear in public as a show. You may tell them they should not engage in this pursuit, because it pleases men better,—nor in that, because it better becomes gentlemen. They will run this way and that, wherever you bid them, but, at last, when you have shut every other door, they will fly to the dressing room, and there are no costumes too costly, no

ornaments too rich, no jewels too valuable, and no amount of money too much to give for the honor of being looked at by many eyes, and talked about by many tongues. The place can not be too public, the hall can not be too large; of emulous ladies there can not be too many; *the gazing gentlemen can not be too numerous for this pretty, pretty show!*—because the gentlemen have, with one consent, said that ladies may dress and display themselves in this way as much as they please. They love to see the ladies look pretty, and be merry, too, occasionally,—it is the spice of their own life. As for their dress, they must generally appear well,—but, after all, it is a matter of very little importance to them;—the one of their number who is distinguished for talent, may stand up in the midst of a multitude, and, *even in rags*, be honored with manifestations of reverence, or public expressions of gratitude.

Women have a greater fondness for dress than have gentlemen, and slaves think more of fine, elegant, rich attire, than do white women.

The following I clip from the *Southern Enterprise*, (Greenville, South Carolina):

"The finest silk dress ever brought to Salisbury, was bought a few days sinc, by a negro slave."—*Watchman.*

The negro slave is perfectly satisfied, if she can make people gaze with astonishment upon the extraordinary things she can do in the way of dress.

"Our young ladies,—there being no girls now except trash,—are educated to play the piano somehow, to work sundry articles in embroidery, or otherwise, which we could not safely name; but their education for the management and oversight of a household, is sadly neglected. These be deplorable truths. It was not so in the days of our grandmothers, and it must be otherwise in the days of our children."—*Edgefield* (*S. C.*) *Advertiser.*

I observed that the gentlemen are beginning to be aroused, and apparently almost ready to unite in an effort for the accomplishment of an object. They wish to bring about a change in the ways and pursuits of women,—and I thought to myself, I will just

now, from curiosity, look and see *how* they will accomplish this. There has been much said already, and ladies heed it not, because they can still marry, dress fine, live at their ease, and have every thing they ask for,—consequently they will not pay any attention to the proposed reform, until gentlemen compel them to do so. Now *how* will gentlemen compel them? I took up another newspaper, looking not to exceed two minutes, till my eyes fell on the following:

"Look to it, you mothers, that you teach other and wiser arts than those of show and dress. Look to it, or there may be such a decline in the demand for walking millinery blocks, that a few years hence you will see nothing but a bevy of fading spinsters, where you had hoped to see your grandchildren at play; you wondering, meanwhile, if the matrimonial market will ever rise so high as that they may yet become merchantable articles."—*Corner Stone* (*Columbus, Ga.*)

How easily and quickly, in any contingency, can there be found a way to compel ladies to do whatever the gentlemen really determine they shall do. Clothed in this *tremendous* voice, the warning comes

to mothers, that if they do not thus and so, gentlemen *will not marry* their daughters. Seeing the importance of what he recommends, he at first says, "Do this!" but finding his admonitions unheeded, and conscious of his *absolute power*, which none, in the end, shall dare to resist, he chuckles a little, with an exultant look, and, with an air of defiance, triumphantly exclaims, "If you do not thus and so, *we will not marry you!*" And ladies only wait to see whether this is the voice of gentlemen *generally*,—if so, immediately you 'll see pianos locked, parlors closed,—and you 'll see tiny feet tripping about in the kitchen,—and you 'll hear busy tongues, from morn till even, talking about roast beef, and puddings, and pastry,—and you 'll see patient looks, and cheerful faces,—for the gentlemen have also said they will marry those first who do their duty most patiently and most cheerfully. But, ah me! there is *no more peace in the house;* for oh, what an effort to excel,—they must overtop each other in something, and now for a trial to see who shall be called the best housekeeper. Up, up, up! No matter how sweetly you 're sleeping, you must rise at five in the morning, because the ladies have so *great labor* to perform! Sweep, sweep, sweep, goes the broom,—and a great

big broom, taller than the lady who plies it, sweeps you from one room into another, and from another into one. Jingle, jingle, jingle, go the bells,—you must go quickly to breakfast,—but you must not eat long, because your hostess wishes to have breakfast over sooner than any of her neighbors! Bang, bang, bang, go the window-blinds; all the windows must be taken out and washed, because they have not been cleaned thoroughly since three days past. Where you can see nothing to do, they can see *thousands* to do,—and "the more they do, the more they see to do;" but there is no labor or toil too great, so that it wins for them the notoriety as "best housekeeper," or "smart woman." These ladies we see only in particular districts,—because gentlemen *generally* have not arrived at the conclusion that they will not marry those who will not attend to the labor of the house.

"THE LADIES.—At the request of many ladies, the W. L. I. Committee opened the Hibernian Hall, with its elaborate and elegant preparations, for their inspection.

"Arrangements have been made, of course, to accommodate the ladies, who desire to hear the address, and witness the interesting exercises in the Institute Hall. The entire gallery, and a number of seats nearest the stage, to the right hand on entrance, will be reserved for the purpose."—*Charleston (S. C.) Courier.*

The above is written, evidently, to show what great things gentlemen will do for ladies, merely at their request. They will open their beautiful halls for their inspection, that they may see all the elegant preparations; and the gentlemen say, as a matter of course, "The ladies shall have the entire gallery, besides a number of seats nearest the stage." What great privileges,—and the gentlemen *allow* them all these. But we do not hear of ladies opening their large and splendid public halls at the request of many people, that they may inspect and examine their elegant and elaborate preparations. It makes no difference how wealthy ladies are, they must *toe the mark*, precisely as the gentlemen bid them. The gentlemen *allow* them to attend and hear the address, but they must have at least one man along to "take charge of them;" "front seats are reserved for them," but nevertheless they must walk along just where and

when the gentlemen direct. When they arrive at the door, they dare not go in till the gentlemen tell them to do so,—and then they must sit down precisely where the gentlemen bid them to sit. Of course they will point them to the front seat, or the seat nearest the stage, because then they can say, "Behold what great things we do for the ladies!" But ladies dare not move about independently, for their lives. They may call this "woman's beautiful dependence;" they may call it "man's protection," or "woman's place;" they may call it whatever they please; they may sugar it over, and put a little oil over the sugar,—but, at last, they must wait for men to give orders, and then *toe the mark*. 'T were, perhaps, better to make use of a little sugar, with oil, and then cover the whole with a *wise smile*, because 't were entirely useless to think of doing otherwise; they have not the strength of character requisite to maintain an independent position.

"THE CHICAGO LADIES.—A correspondent of the Boston *Bee*, thus cravonizes the Chicago ladies:

"'Owing to the peculiarity of the water, the ladies generally wear a tallow-candle complexion, which does not admit of rouge. They have their extensive dry-goods and jewelry stores, and wear out costly silks and muslins by trailing them in the streets, as do the gentle creatures in New York. Crinoline is worn at all times, though difficult to manage on the heavy grades of the sidewalks. Like mules, they are sure-footed, and get through the doughy mud of the streets with an agility at once surprising and amusing. They do not wear veils. The parasol-handle sucking is carried on as at other places, with the exception that they bite the ivory off in minute pieces, and chew it as if a slate-pencil. The hours of recreation, are about twelve; namely, three for sitting on the stoop in the morning; three for looking out of the windows after midday; three for promenade in the afternoon, and three for entertainments in the evening. Regular habits are conducive to health."—*Cincinnati (Ohio) Commercial.*

The writer treats the Chicago ladies ironically,—but methinks he 's a little hard-hearted. As innocent and blameless as lambs, they 're *following* their occupation. Have not the gentlemen long since decided that to be lovely and dependent should be the acme of their ambition? also, that marriage is the

only proper occupation for women? Should they not attend to their appointed business? That they do this, no one can deny, for those who are not already *following their occupations*, are patiently, and continually, and unweariedly, *looking for situations*. They are not unconscious of their power over men, as their "luxuries;" and not a newspaper but bears witness of this extraordinary way in which women govern men. For instance:

"LADIES.—The only *incendiaries* to kindle a *flame* which *water* will not put out."—*Knoxville* (*Tenn.*) *Mercury.*

"On Monday evening last, our office was honored with a call from a bevy of pretty girls. The editor felt himself complimented,—the compositors were pleased, and even our *devil* was seen to laugh. We hope the sunshine of such pretty faces will ever be cast upon us. Our foreman says, that while he was making impression upon paper, they were doing the same upon his heart."—*American Vindicator* (*Jonesboro, Tenn.*)

How soon beautiful young girls learn what their *occupation* is to be,—and quite as soon are they

fitted for it. Their power is to excite the passions of men. This is the manner in which they are to govern men; and how great is this power; what will men not do for women when their charms prevail? When beautiful young girls first know the extent of their sway, they are elated,—and soon learning that this is all they have to depend upon for success in any and every earthly endeavor or pursuit, become ambitious, and guard this power with a jealous eye. Girls who are already as sweet and beautiful as heaven, will stand before the mirror for hours, trying flower after flower, and ribbon after ribbon, to see what shade becomes their complexion, or whether they do not appear more fascinating as the day softens into twilight,—till a smirk of conceit steals insidiously over their blushing, rosy cheeks, and, alas! they are not so lovely as before! For one who would witness the effect of the subjugation of woman's will, in a country where every man's will is clothed with a power transcending that which the individual's will in any other country is able to wear, it is enough that he should mark only one period in woman's life. Look at the tender, sweet, strong-hearted, earnest, unsuspicious, pure, youthful female, before she has learned *how she is to govern men*, and then

see her only for one moment after she has taken this, her first lesson. The angel light you saw, has faded. There is beauty still, but it does not make you think of all things high and holy; it does not make your love as *permanent* as before; it is not so much like the smile of God, essential to your spiritual life, as well as to your earthly bliss. Ah, she is not so pretty as before! She has learned that she is a tool,—a *very important tool*,—absolutely essential to man's life and happiness. She is already fallen. God is evidently displeased; we can see his frown in the new character of woman,—vanity where strength should be,—a light feather, tossing here and there where a *mind* should be; and, it seems to me, that in after years, when she covers her gray hairs with caps, and flutters about still, chatting in sharp, though mighty important tones, about how well she *knows her place*, without ever a man to tell her, or point her to the same,—it seems to me, that in this product of society, we can see *God's smile of derision.*

"A nice lady was once asked the nearest way to her chamber. She replied, 'Through the churchyard, up to the altar.' The querist was so charmed that he traveled that road within a month."—*American Vindicator* (*Jonesboro, Tenn.*)

The writer intimates that the above-named licentious man, *married* the "*nice lady;*" and he seems to regard it as a matter of course, that a *nice lady* would make it no objection to a union in marriage, that the man had boldly given expression to evil and licentious thoughts. Virtue can not love vice, and yet she must keep herself for him, if she wishes to marry him,—and if she is *nice* enough to please him, his licentious arms will condescend to appropriate her to himself. And then she'll hear much great talk about how women should love their husbands, but never a word about how men should form their characters in a mold so pure that purity can love them. After marriage, too, you may slander the husband; you can vex him a little in this way, but it's of no consequence,—he's a privileged character; though, were you to slander the wife, he would become powerfully indignant; ten to one, if he would not rise

in arms to avenge the wrong, whether she 's guilty or not guilty,—he will make the same effort, because *himself* is the injured party, and if she 's guilty, the injury to himself is deeper, for the reason that he had appropriated her to himself,—it was generally understood that she was to act only to suit his pleasure, and he was to do as himself pleased; this gave him a feeling of *consequence*,—therefore, when she is slandered or seduced, his dignity is insulted,—he is especially the wronged party. Ah, *tool!*—how significantly this, *in all things*.

"THE WRONGS OF WOMEN.—Mr. Holton met with some curious scenes in the vicinity of Bogota. On one occasion he says:

"'As I was going up a steep pitch, I met a sight which I shall not soon forget. It was a young girl, apparently fifteen, but doubtless older. She had on her back a large load of wood, but was descending the steep road with a quick, elastic step; in her right hand was the long staff they always carry, and on her

left arm her babe, unconsciously drawing its nourishment from the living fountain. Ah, woman, how varied, but universal, are thy wrongs! The father of this innocent may have been some country priest, living in coarse luxury, with nothing to tax the energies of his mind,—neither cares, responsibilities, nor duties, beyond the performance of prescribed ceremonies at prescribed times,—nothing, in short, to do, but to 'draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.' She, living, possibly, in a mud hut, seven feet long, six feet wide, and five feet from the eaves to the ground, contrives to eke out a subsistence for herself and babe, by picking up a load of sticks near her kennel, carrying them and her babe from seven to twelve miles, and selling her load for three half-dimes!'"—*Chester (S. C.) Standard.*

It is a fact, that in all the world, women who are most degraded, are generally satisfied in their condition; a *few*, only, in any condition, have the light of the eagle's eye, and the significant glance upward. The young girl named above, doubtless feels herself honored that a priest is the father of her child;—he says to her, My lovely one, you are of womankind; God has wisely ordered that men should be strong and do whatever they please; but the same infinite

wisdom has ordained that women shall be lovely, tender and dependent,—shall stand back and wait for men to direct them in all things,—shall look up to men, and do just as they bid,—shall ever be beautiful, meek and gentle, and always do their duty patiently, though sometimes, may be, a little sorrowfully, remembering it's *God's will* that women should be the subjects of men. And the lovely one responds, Ah, my lord, how kind and condescending in you, to give so much instruction to a poor girl like me. She *feels* that what he utters is true, for it corresponds with her whole outward experience and knowledge of the world. And were she to look to the brightest spot of the most enlightened Christian republic in the world, she would only cast her eye downward, and repeat her first sentiment, more firmly convicted of its truth. Methinks I see the fair young girl returning to her priest after taking a trip to our country. No matter, she says, where I go, I must receive all I have and all I know from the opposite sex. I sat me down in a spacious hall with many females, and said to them, You are far-famed for kindness, and I want bread, for I'm dying with hunger; and they replied, You must *wait* till our lords come, for we're "out of bread," and they only have a right to provide means

to obtain more. I then said, Behold me lost and ruined, the priest who seduced me, has cast me off, and hearing from my far-off native land, that you love and marry libertines;—forgive, reform, and restore murderers, I have come to see what you can do for me? and they hurried me from their presence, saying, *Very likely the men will do something for you*, as for us, our characters are so weak, that merely to be seen in your presence, would ruin us, and besides this, we must *wait* to see what they think of your case, God has ordained men to take the lead in all things.

I thereafter sat me down in a female prayer meeting, and upon being requested to make remarks, said, Women in my country are subject to wicked men, consequently they are degraded and miserable. I have come to you, expecting to see your indignation roused,—to see your woman's spirit stirred,—to see you take measures that would compel foreign nations to feel your power, and thus light up the first hope in the poor benighted woman's soul, and put means into your own hands of doing her much immediate and positive good. And they said, We'll *wait* a little, to see what men think about this matter; we do not want *means*, it's our province to weep and pray, *God has ordained it thus.*

The paragraph last quoted, reads, "Ah, woman, how varied but universal are thy wrongs!" 'Twould express more truth, and do more good because of its truth, to read, Ah, woman, how varied are thy fascinating charms, and how universally inferior is thy *brain*.

"A HUSBAND'S LIABILITY FOR HIS WIFE'S DEBTS.—A case came before the District Court in New York, on Friday, where a merchant sued to recover for silks and other articles of dry-goods for three dresses, furnished defendant's wife by plaintiff, during the months of March and April last, of the value of $99 62. It appeared in evidence, that during the months of March and April last, the plaintiff sold the articles in question to defendant's wife, and charged them to her, not knowing the defendant. It also appeared in evidence, that they were not necessary for a woman in her and defendant's circumstances in life. On this testimony the defendant's counsel moved for a nonsuit. The Judge granted the motion with costs, and $10 extra costs, holding that the husband was not liable, as the credit was given to his wife."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial Advertiser.*

Had the defendant's little child applied to the merchant for goods, there would have been no credit given without knowledge of the father; but when the lady walked into his store with a proud, high look, he had forgotten that she was, in reality, only an automaton, and consequently bargained with her as though she were an individual, capable of entering into a contract, and responsible for her promises; but when he would sue to recover at law, sure enough, he might as well prosecute her little infant, as herself.—He had credited a tool, now who should pay?—were he to throw apples into his neighbor's cider-mill, unbidden, when the mill was under motion, he could not sue the neighbor to recover his apples, nor for debt, nor could he sue the mill,—he has made a great mistake, consequently must suffer for his own folly.

The following extract from Dr. Wayland's Moral Science, seems to be identified with newspaper interests, and expressive of editorial sentiment and feeling, as it appeared in three out of nine Dailies that lay on my table at one time.

In speaking of marriage, he says,

"As, however, in all societies, there may be differences of opinion, even where the harmony of feeling remains unimpaired, so there may be differences here. Where such differences of opinion exist, there must be some ultimate appeal. In ordinary societies, such questions are settled by a numerical majority; but, as in this case, such a decision is impossible,—some other principle must be adopted. The right of deciding must rest with either the one or the other.

"As the husband is the individual who is responsible to civil society, as his intercourse with the world is of necessity greater, the voice of nature and of revelation unite in conferring the right of ultimate authority upon him. By this arrangement, the happiness of the wife is increased no less than that of her husband. Her power is always greatest in concession. She is graceful and attractive, while meek and gentle; but angered and turbulent, she loses the fascinations of her own sex, without attaining to the dignity of the other."

How *exceedingly strong* is this man's love and desire to govern women. See him writhe, and twist, and squirm, and shriek in view of the fact, that society might, without *any inconvenience*, take away his authority and compel him to recognize her as his equal. I have never seen but few men in my life

who seemed to feel so badly, though many there are who are much nobler and happier.

He says, My dear lovely creature, it is *necessary* that I should be the ultimate appeal; and she replies, Yes, my lord, this is my happiness to know there is somebody about who is capable of taking charge of me,—of watching me, to see that I do no wrong. He has no need to fear that she will oppose his love for authority, though were he not a little fearful, why should he call falsehood to his aid? Where two are united, having a joint interest, it is not *necessary* that one should be the ultimate appeal, or that one should have any more authority than the other. Partners in business have equal authority; though one may remain in a retired counting-room where he sees nothing but books from morning till night and from night till morning, while the other ranges through the country, strengthening himself with an entire outdoor life; or though the one may be sickly, weak, and pale, while the other is blessed with a robust constitution and with vigorous, active health, yet the partnership ever maintains its existence, on the principle of perfect equality of authority.

When parties can not agree, there is an ultimate appeal, in our country, to the judgment of twelve men;

but the foreman does not say to the eleven, If we're all left to do as we please, there will be endless contention, therefore I shall judge this matter, and you shall all do as I say. Not so,—business cannot progress further till they *all agree*,—it is not one who is supreme, nor a majority, but *all*. And it's no new thing for two individuals to be clothed with joint and equal authority, as justices and rulers. Two judges have sat upon the bench together, and two sovereigns upon the same throne, with equal power and authority.

Woman is governed, to be sure, *willingly* governed, but after all it's not of *necessity;* it's not ordered thus by nature, nor do the Bible doctrines approve this. In some countries women perform all the outdoor labor, as well as that which has to be done indoors. They do every thing by which man, in other countries maintains his independence, and besides this, the woman's part; yet there you'll see them most abject;—it is not on account of woman's weakness or inability to labor and support the opposite sex, instead of being supported, that she is governed, nor is it because she is the mother of children,—the ablest queens have generally been mothers of very large families of children, and not a few of this class have nursed their children.

But of the Bible doctrine as it regards woman's position, there is not room in this little volume for so much as might be said, I will merely refer my reader to Mrs. Wilson's able work on this subject.*

The author last quoted knows as well as anybody in the world, that women are already *willing* to be men's subjects, but cowards always have groundless fears,—see him cringe in view of what woman might be. If she 's meek and gentle, he declares there 's no name too sweet to call her,—she is fascinating, graceful, and attractive. But listen what terrible threatenings, should she doubt his right to be the ultimate appeal,—which authority he *so much desires:* "She loses the fascinations of her own sex, without attaining to the dignity of the other." You can not be any thing, my dear, but fascinating, therefore you must do and be whatever makes you appear fascinating in our eyes; and it 's absolutely essential to this, that you are meek and gentle, and allow us to be the governors. Another would say, If you do not at once acknowledge, without any hesitation, that you are most happy in allowing us to take

* A Scriptural View of Woman's Rights and Duties. By Mrs. ELIZABETH WILSON. Price $1.00.—Address, Cadiz, Ohio.

charge of you, "you are at once above and beneath your sex."

That sentence has been used for the last,—I can not tell how many years,—but, at least, ever since my earliest recollection, as the *dernier resort*, when every thing else has failed to frighten women. And most satisfactorily and completely has it accomplished its appointed work. Woman has ever trembled when her eye has fallen on that terrific denunciation.

A man who is so very anxious to be the *head*, and the *ultimate appeal*, over nothing but a poor, weak woman, who is already willing and subdued,—who has already prostrated her soul, and lost her dignity,—I have often asked myself, Is it possible any woman can love such a man? It seems to me, that *nausea* deepens and thickens all round his eyes, and looks out from under his eyelids, with the color of a very white tallow-candle; that all things disgusting and loathsome crawl round his heart, and fret upon his lips, giving them a bloated, greasy appearance. The best thing gentlemen can do, is to make marriage woman's *only occupation*, otherwise such men could never marry.

"WOMAN.

"Proud man may climb ambition's hight,
And seek to win the meed of fame;
Yes, he may feel his heart beat right,
When glory beams around his name;
But not for these does woman seek,
Far humbler her ambition's shown,
At home she reigns a sovereign meek,—
A woman lives to love alone."

[CAROLINA TIMES.

Whenever woman is spoken of as reigning a "sovereign meek," it is always with reference to her love,—but even in matters of love, she is not sovereign, nor is she equal with her lord. The laws of our land give men a *right* to force the love of their wives; they will not often use this right, but they enact the laws, and retain the right;—the laws give women no right of this kind. I once heard a man say to his wife, "An't I kind to be so indulgent to you, when I have a right to make you do as I please!"

Newspapers, as well as the laws of society, occasionally furnish great falsehoods for woman's sustenance, fearful that she's becoming too weak to be the

mother of children. That it is not agreeable with woman's life, to follow a laudable ambition to fame, or literary distinction, is very false. I will give an extract from a New York literary periodical, showing that women who have paid some attention to literary pursuits,—who have even been *devoted* to literature, have lived to remarkable old age,—twice or three times the age at which a majority of women die; nor do the biographies of these women indicate unhappiness or discontent in their lives,—though, I believe, those of the number who were married, enjoyed happiness fuller than the unmarried, as also do all gentlemen find the reality of life, and complete happiness, only in the married state:

"LONGEVITY OF LITERARY WOMEN.—The following examples show that devotion to literary duties is not, necessarily, destructive to the health and lives of women:

NAME.	DIED.	AGE.
Mrs. Hofland	1844	74
Jane Porter	1850	74
Mrs. Chapone	1801	75
Mrs. Sherwood	1851	77
B. Marie Roche	1845	80
Mrs. Barbauld	1825	82

NAME.	DIED.	AGE.
Mrs. Piozzi	1821	82
Mrs. Edgeworth	1849	82
Mrs. Amelia Opie	1853	85
Miss Birney	1840	88
Hannah More	1833	88
Joanna Bailey	1851	89
Mrs. Carter	1806	90
Jane West	1852	93
Hon. Mrs. Monkton	1840	94
Harriet Lee	1851	95
Mrs. Garrick	——	97
Caroline L. Herschell	1846	98

[*National Magazine.*

That woman is not sovereign with her husband, or of equal authority, even in matters of love, is not altogether the fault of the gentlemen. Gentlemen often and repeatedly remind ladies of their mission, and of what is their nature. No difference whether they suggest truth or falsehood, ladies invariably reply, "Truth, sirs; *this we know, even before you tell us.*" Nor is a want of natural courage, energy, or heroism a reason why women are governed. *Nature's* greatest effort produced woman. She looked dark, and gloomy, and o'erburdened,—then followed one mighty, convulsive throe, and joy became radiant in all her face, while the "stars sang together."

With woman, nature was satisfied,—she made no more effort.

"A Heroic Woman.—Among the noteworthy incidents of the Montreal steamer disaster, was the saving of her two children by Mrs. Bloomfield, whose husband is in the employ of the Grand Trunk Company, at Toronto. She held to a rope with one hand, keeping the head of one child above water with the other, and holding the other up by fastening her teeth in its dress. So heavy was the load, that two of her teeth gave way, and were lost, yet she still retained her hold. At last a boat came towards her, and men were screaming around her to be taken aboard. She could not scream, but a man seeing her situation, brought the boat to her, telling them she needed aid most. Then her strength gave way at the prospect of relief and safety, and she came near drowning ere she could be lifted into the boat. She is a light, delicate woman."—*Cincinnati (Ohio) Commercial.*

Hundreds of examples might be given. There are at least forty or fifty on my table now before me, but I will introduce only one more;—one is sufficient. Every female has woman's nature,—and each one's talents differ from others according to the circum-

stances under which they are developed, or the opportunities afforded for their manifestation:

"FEMALE HEROISM.

"JANE DE MONTFORT.

"If it be true that great events call forth correspondent abilities, it is no less a reality, that to certain characters decided adversity presents the congenial, in fact the vital atmosphere, denied by ordinary circumstances. Opposition is like a magnet to human nature,—it attracts all the iron and force of our will; but it is only in occasional instances that a temperament is encountered which prefers the storm of Fate to a serene sky, and can behold one hope after another shattered and abandoned, yet rise superior to the wreck, resolutely looking onward, to plot and scheme again.

"Jane of Flanders (to quote the words of Froissart,) possessed 'the courage of a man, and the heart of a lion.' One of the most beautiful women of her time, the indomitable energy and courage of her physical endowment, were second only to the rare qualifications of her mind. A skillful diplomatist, no covert policy could take her by surprise; eloquence, the inherent womanly gift of enthusiasm added additional weight

to her words,—results of solid and discriminating thought. 'She was above her sex,' says Pere Morice, (a Benedictine monk and celebrated Breton chronicler,) 'and yielded to no one in courage, or military virtues; no adversity could crush her.'

"Comparatively unknown previously, but scanty information subsists respecting Jane's life up to the time of her husband's (the Count de Montfort's) imprisonment and threatened execution. This prince, who had, upon the demise of John, Duke of Bretagne, taken possession of the duchy, by prompt and skillful strategy fell into the hands of his opponent, Charles de Blois, through treachery. He was conducted a prisoner to Paris, and shut up in the tower of the Louvre. Thus incarcerated, no obstacle remained to the claims of his rival, who had engaged the sympathies of Philip, King of France, while those of Edward of England had been given, on terms of mutual accommodation, to the Count de Montfort.

"But at the moment when all was given up for lost, to the surprise of her own party, and the consternation of the adverse one, the countess, recently become a mother, roused herself from the grief into which the captivity of her lord had thrown her, and eagerly undertook the task of supplying to the troops the general they had lost.

"Bearing her babe in her arms, she presented herself before the assembled inhabitants of Rennes, and in

an address, the terms of which history has but scantily left, permitting us to judge of it only by the electric effect it produced, she set forth the claims of the illustrious child, whose father at that moment might have ceased to breathe, and enlisted the hearts of her hearers in the struggle to support his pretensions. With the arguments natural to such a position,—with appeals which, in that chivalric age, it would have been worse than dishonor to hear unmoved,—Jane mingled crafty insinuations respecting the freedom of Brittany, which she represented as likely to be sacrificed by the rival claimant, if successful, to his protector, the King of France. From fortress to fortress did this heroic woman journey,—encouraging the wavering,—concerting with the powerful,—arranging and scheming for all, and everywhere with the same success. Finally, having spared no exertion to put her adherents in fair order of defense, she shut herself within the town of Hennebon, and awaited the approach of the hostile troops.

"Edward the Third of England had at this time more than one daughter, and, although the young heir of Bretagne was their junior, proposals to betroth him to one of them were, in pursuance of the usage of the times, made by the countess, and well received at the English court. The condition upon which this alliance was sought and accepted, was immediate aid on King Edward's part, in the civil war now agitating the

entire province of Bretagne. One of the De Clissons arrived in England upon this errand, and a large number of soldiers, including several thousand skillful bowmen, embarked as soon as practicable upon their errand of assistance to the Breton heroine.

"Meantime, Charles de Blois arrived with an immense train of adherents at the town of Rennes, to which he laid siege; and in a short time the countess had the mortification of hearing that it had surrendered to its vigorous assailants. Scarcely had these tidings reached her, when they were followed up by the advance of the French army, and Jane found herself speedily blockaded within the walls of her fortress, before which the enemy quietly encamped, evidently bent upon remaining there till herself and her infant boy should fall into their hands.

"This result, however, formed no portion of her prospects. So well organized were her plans, so well disciplined her soldiers, that no advantage, however small, could be gained from without. Riding up and down the streets, the female general, clothed in complete armor, urged bravery and constancy upon her hearers, incited all who could hold a sword to the combat, and summoned even those who could take no martial part, women and children, to the fray, employing them in hurling stones and missiles upon the besiegers.

"It would be difficult to overrate the effect which this dauntless and personal alacrity produced. 'Few

men sat a horse better than this princess; in combat she handled the sword with as much address and effect as the most vigorous warriors.' Nature, which had endowed her with an elegant form and beautiful features, spoke all the louder in her cause, when it was seen she knew how to forego the privileges and adventitious pleas of her sex, to share the hardships of the meanest trooper, while she assumed the entire responsibility of the camp. Frequent sallies, headed by herself in person, were made; every one followed where such a captain led the way, and were rewarded with invariable success. On one occasion, having observed that the assailants, entirely occupied elsewhere, had forgotten to guard a distant post, she hurried forth, accompanied by only two hundred horsemen, threw them into disorder, and, after doing great damage to their ranks, set fire to their tents, powder, and baggage. In the enthusiasm of the *sortie*, she had, however, forgotten that she might be unable to return in safety; a considerable force now lay between her little band and the gates of the town; the inhabitants saw her position with unspeakable dread;—but a few moments sufficed to arrange her plans; she gave the word for her men to disband, and to make the best of their way to Brest. Here she met them at an appointed rendezvous, bringing with her a collected force of five hundred more cavalry soldiers; and, returning at sunrise on the sixth day toward Hennebon, broke

through the enemy's ranks, and accomplished her reunion with her disheartened friends (who had mourned her for lost), unhurt, and in great triumph. She was received with every token of rejoicing; trumpets pealed, and acclamations rent the air, disturbing the troops without, who hastily armed themselves, while those inside the town mounted the walls to defend it. The contest lasted till past noon; vast numbers of the besiegers were killed, and their leader at length determined upon retiring to invest the castle of Auray, leaving Sir Herve de Leon to annoy and vex the garrison, for which purpose he sent twelve large machines to cast stones, by which to destroy the castle.

"Contrary winds unfortunately detained the English reinforcements, and, after some time, fears were entertained that the besieged town would be forced to surrender. The countess harbored an enemy in the person of the Bishop of Leon, who now threw off the mask, and opposed his arguments to hers with the lords, her adherents. Little argument was necessary at this protracted period of fatigue and suspense, to over-persuade these nobles. Allured by the promise of personal safety, which the bishop was empowered to concede from the leader of the French force, his nephew, and possessing, after all, but a secondary interest in the question, the sad moment had arrived when the countess must behold her whole intentions abandoned, and perhaps be dragged to a prison with

the child for whom she was so heroically struggling. The French troops were actually marching to take possession, when the countess, whose eyes had been riveted upon the sea, and who had with despairing energy, proclaimed the change of the wind to a quarter favorable to her hopes, rushed from the turret where she had taken her position, with the joyful exclamation: "I see the succor! I see the English vessels! No capitulation!" Joyously the incarcerated and worn towns-people ran to the ramparts,—the good tidings were confirmed,—glory again shone upon the invigorated gaze of the lately-complaining garrison. The English forces, headed by Sir Walter Manny, entered the town, and were enthusiastically received by the lady and her soldiers,—the treacherous bishop having taken himself off. But a large machine arrived shortly afterwards, the result of the information of the ecclesiastic, which, we read, never ceased, night or day, from casting stones into the city; and this was, perhaps, a more alarming neighbor than even his lordship himself.

"Some months after this, and when a truce had been concluded until the following summer, the Countess de Montfort, accompanied by her son, paid a visit to the English court, where she desired to present him to his future father-in-law, and hoped to arrange some plan for the delivery of her husband from captivity.

"Not long, however, did she absent herself from the scene of action. Obtaining further assistance from

King Edward, she embarked on her return homewards. On the seas an encounter took place with some hostile ships, which was only put a stop to by a storm separating the two fleets: the counntess chose to take her usual conspicuous part in the action, and with 'a trusty sharp sword in her hand,' combated bravely. Vannes was the first town taken by the friends of the imprisoned duke, and here his intrepid wife entered with great rejoicings; it was, however, shortly after recovered,—and the Lord Robert d'Artois, who had been sent to command the English, having been badly wounded, was conveyed home.

"Enraged at the death of this valiant soldier, which occurred almost immediately on his arrival in England, King Edward determined to go in person to the assistance of his fair ally. But his presence was productive of no actually favorable results, and his enterprise concluded by a somewhat compromising treaty.

"Certain epochs are productive of particular virtues, and it is more frequent to witness a constellation of rare merit than a solitary star. The Countess de Montfort's example raised, or, at least, immediately preceded two similar characters,—the wife of Charles de Blois, who, almost under the same circumstances, and with equal valor, as well as success, took her husband's place later in the war, and the English Queen Philippa. During this absence, the Queen of England, mounted upon her white charger, formed a brilliant

and spirited picture of womanly energy."—*National Magazine* (*New York*).

"A young woman, disguised in male attire, has been figuring in Oswego. She gives her name as Catharine Craw. She hired out as a peddler of apples, at a fruit-store kept by a Mr. Jones, giving her name as Edward Craw. Some accidental circumstances discovered Edward's sex to Mrs. Jones, and a dress was loaned to her, in which the former apple-peddler appeared in the street in her proper attire. The boys who were acquainted with her as 'Edward,' were not disposed to acknowledge her as 'Catharine,' and consequently, to protect her from annoyance, she was taken into custody by the police. The young lady affirms that she has been in male attire for three years; that she left her father because she was unable to procure employment as a female, and dressed in male costume to obtain better wages,—in which she had been successful, and saved some money. She carried a large dirk-knife, and when asked its use, declared it was to take the life of any man who attempted to trifle with her honor. She says she is eighteen years of age;

when dressed in male attire, she has the appearance of a good-looking boy of about fourteen years of age. The Oswego *Times* says 'Catharine appears to be virtuous and intelligent, and altogether her case is a remarkable one, partaking of the character of romance. It is not yet determined what shall be done with her."—*Detroit (Mich.) Advertiser.*

Surely they can not be long in determining what shall be done with Catharine. Does she not deserve capital punishment, so far as her character, her earthly hopes and happiness are concerned? Capital punishment is not a good to the culprit, but an example to others. Make her an example for the rest of the women. Show them what they 'll come to if they find out that pantaloons are only a scarecrow, sometimes suspended between the heavens and the earth, as we often see them in corn-fields; sometimes walking back and forth on the street, with a cigar in the midst of some hair protruding from the top; sometimes stuffed with chops and bacon; sometimes swelled out with wind, but more frequently seen without any filling at all! Yet, no matter whether stuffed or unstuffed, they all answer their purpose.

This fact suggests to memory an incident in my own experience.

Now, I never had any desire to wear pantaloons, for the Mercy knows, if I thought, for one minute, that I looked as homely as gentlemen do in pantaloons, I'd kill myself before to-morrow morning. To see them as they walk along on the street, one would, at a little distance, take the tall ones to be a lot of bean-poles with black shrouds on, and the fat ones appear like so many ducks in crape, waddling along to the grave!

There are comparatively few fat men, and as a general thing, if you take a crow and put him on a pair of the tallest kind of stilts, dress him in a long-tailed blue, with a cigar in his mouth, and a hollow cabbage stump on his head, then stand behind him with a huge bellows, and with the blowing give him an inclination to move forward;—when he stalks off, he reminds you of a *man* going into church, or rising to make a speech in Congress.

But of my own experience and the scarecrows. Once upon a time, when I was a very young girl, I resolved to pursue a regular course in reading law; and consequently commencced my studies. What was my object, was no one's business but my own, but for my life I dared not let my pursuit be known; every time I saw a cane accompanied by a pair of

pantaloons, approaching me, my law book would slide away quickly under my brown and white linen apron, and by the time they came up, I was sitting quietly picking to pieces some flower, as calmly as though nothing had happened.

Afterwards when I made a home for myself, what Society calls independent, I was wont to sit by my husband's side the livelong day, and study; but even then, when I saw the cane and pantaloons coming, I must always start up quickly and run.

When three or four years had passed, and I had made application for admission to the bar, the Court returned answer to me that "I had brought nothing to Court but simply my name, certificates of good moral character, and the requisite knowledge of law; that I was not known as being related to any great characters whatever; that I had given no history of myself; that the Court considered it evident that my object was merely to be the first woman in the United States, admitted to the bar! and consequently they could not admit me."

The scarecrows prevailed, for I have never read a page from any law book, from that day to this.

But of Catharine, I was saying it is best to punish her, she has proved herself capable of using rights

that belong exclusively to pantaloons; she has willfully, deliberately, and with forethought, stolen privileges that pantaloons only have a right to claim. And yet she did not steal, for she just donned a pair, and they claimed and used their own, in their own right. She merely wore these as the only passport that could conduct her to the dominions of the Aristocracy, where, it seems, though known only as a poor friendless boy, she could maintain a respectable independence and lay up money.

But the gentlemen all wish to make her know her *place*, and the ladies are more desirous to push her back into her place than are gentlemen; some of them are disposed to do so with violence, saying, How dare you presume to do this? we have always thought it was *men* and not *pantaloons* that have every advantage in society, so that we can do nothing but be pensioners on their bounty; how dare you think and do otherwise!

If the gentlemen wish to punish her, they need not fear the disapprobation of ladies,—ladies will be pleased, and their first measures should be to publish the girl's name in every newspaper throughout the land; and then say to the rest of the women, Look, my dears, if you are ever called notorious, you are

ruined forever. In all you do and say,—in your ambition, and in all your hopes, you should never lose sight of the fact that men are your *keepers*. And all the women will reply, We are happy, our lords, if we have succeeded in pleasing you, but we know something for ourselves,—we know our place without any hint from you.

Then take Catharine and stand her upon a block on the public square; let all the men gather round her,—*women shall have nothing to say about what shall be done with her*, it is as much as they can do to look about themselves,—to make their skirts longer whenever the gentlemen bid them do so, or a little shorter whenever they think best. If they wish to see the female culprit who has had the audacity to step fearlessly into men's sphere and take away some money, they should dodge behind the street-door and peep through a crevice, but upon all occasions they should know their place, without even looking for a wink, or a wise look from the gentlemen.

With regard to Catharine, though, the gentlemen should never rest till they have accomplished one thing,—in one way or another, they must subdue her and make her satisfied with her condition.

"An unloving woman is an impossibility, unless we can imagine a pillar of ice to stand out against a July sun. But all women love, and that passionately. Those who profess they do not, are only seeking to hide a bitter disappointment behind the transparent mask of affection."—*Mound City (Ill.) Emporium.*

I see much in newspapers about woman's love; one says it is immutable, unchangeable, and eternal, while another declares it is eternal, unchangeable, and immutable. One is of opinion that it is never-dying, and another is positive that it never dies; but the one quoted above, silences all controversy by affirming that she *does love,* and there's no use in denying it.

There is nothing at all said of *man's love,* or of *man's loveliness;* nor of *what it is,* that woman loves so much; and now I see, and after reading many newspapers, am able to answer a question that has ever till this moment, appeared to me unanswerable.

Why is it that women love pet goats so passionately?

Because they *must love,* and they prefer to love *goats* rather than *some men!*

"WOMEN.—A California State Senator speaking upon some bill affecting the property or business of women, pays them a handsome tribute, thus:

"'I love woman; and have loved her all my life,—through boyhood, youth, manhood, and maturer years. I expect to love her all my life, and dying to be found faithful to the same high and inspiring sentiment; for amid all the varied scenes, temptations, struggles and hopes of existence, one star, brighter than all others, has lighted and guided me onward. If I had any high and noble ambition, the exciting energy has been in the approving smile coming from the eye of woman. And I judge her influence is felt upon others. Gentle in her affections, yet mighty through her influence, her medium of rule is as powerful as the ballot box.—She has ruled me from my boyhood with the soft and winning influence of her virtues and her beauty. I remember my first love, my baby affections at four years of age,—I have been in love nearly every month of my life since, save the dark and rayless days and years which succeeded the desolate hearth and made the heart too desolate. And never, sir, while I remember my mother, long since in her grave,—I remember the night she died,—never, while I hold in my memory one other,—and her memory is all that is left to me,—shall I refuse to give my voice, my influence, and my

vote, for any measure necessary to protect and cherish the weaker and better part of creation, against the oppression, neglect and abuse of my sex.'"—*People's Friend.* (*Ind.*)

After reading the last quotation, I am compelled to change my mind with regard to *man's love*, for I see here that he does love, and that desperately, distractedly. The confession commences in the present tense, calls up the past, and is carried out in resolutions into the future. The speaker affirms, I do love, I have loved, I had loved, I may love, I may have loved, I might love, I might have loved, I will love, I will have loved, I did love, I always expect to love, and I am determined to love!

Poor thing, as he goes on, he seems to be dying.—At first he writhes as if in tortures,—then his pains become most excruciating; he is in agony,—afterwards he gets fainter and fainter, till at last he gasps and sinks, exhausted, for the want of substance in himself. Poor fellow!

But what is all this for?—he seems to be fearful that woman will not appreciate his love,—will not understand its value, and consequently will not be willing to pay his price. What does all this fainting

and gasping and dying mean? Why, simply this: he wishes woman to know and understand clearly what her power is; moreover, he declares, and is ready to take his *oath*, if you will not believe his word, that she has as *much power* as anybody in the world; it is even as great as the *ballot box!*

He speaks of her power in the family, and how she *ruled* even his baby affections.

Now, every father who governs his family by love, has amiable, agreeable, affectionate, and intelligent children. They love him far more than they would a tyrant. They are not ungrateful, but most sure to follow his example of forbearance and love. He has unbounded influence in his family,—he has more *power* in his family than a man of any other description of character could hold.

The same may be said of every mother who rules and governs by love.

But suppose you were to go to the father, and say, Behold your mighty influence! not only have you undenied and absolute sway in your own family, but abroad, every one respects you for your exemplary, Christian, pure life. Your saving, elevating influence is felt and acknowledged by all,—every one feels purer in your presence,—indeed, the world would be

lost,—society would become savage without just such excellent Christian men as you; therefore, what more can you ask?—you already govern the world,—your medium of rule is as powerful as the ballot box, consequently you shall never go to the ballot box again!

Then that father, though he were as pure as heaven, would *fight*,—he would be powerfully indignant, and the higher his purity and elevation in the scale of being, the more firm and unyielding would he stand in defense of a dignity with which God has clothed every man and every woman.

Go, then, to the mother with the same insulting talk, and close with the same proscription,—"consequently, you shall never go to the ballot box;" and she, seeing that her wishes are not consulted in the matter,—that she could not go, were she to bow on her knees before men, and pray for this privilege,—that she could not go, though she were to die for this privilege, turns quickly and says, *we do not wish to go!*

The author last quoted, charges his own sex with oppressing, and abusing women; this is very wrong; those who are so weak that they yield, and acknowledge the right of governors, simply because they are compelled to do so, oppress themselves,—no others

are so much to be blamed for their oppression;—those who declare, *there are some things we would not do for this privilege denied us,*—have invited oppression, wrong, and injustice to their habitations, and they have no right to expect any thing else.

PART SECOND.

In order to collect the foregoing newspaper items, and, at the same time, compare their tone and spirit with the actual Social Life to which they are addressed, I must necessarily have visited all parts of the country in person. In doing this, I have been able to recognize, in the customs and laws of each and every community, a language that invariably describes, minutely, clearly, boldly, and unmistakably, what woman is demanding, or rather, what man is demanding for woman. Woman, the world over, *demands* nothing; she feels *above* that, but begs to be kept during the few short years she must stay here.

And as, in my travels, I have been diligent to study inward, as well as outward life,—the springs

of action, as well as their maturity in customs,—I will now give you, my reader, an idea of the various prices women in different parts of the country are paying for the privilege of being considered pretty little things that men keep.

In glancing over my book of travels, my eye falls first on Virginia; and when I would lift it from thence, it lingers still; there is magic in the name. My eye, first casually arrested, becomes fixed, and will not leave the spot where Virginia is written, till memory calls up for review all its associations.

Virginia, headstrong, impulsive, rash, gallant, generous, brave, peerless Virginia! Do you ask, Peerless in what? I answer, Peerless in bravery and generosity; her sons fear not to protect and defend the righteous under all circumstances. They will protect woman even in independence,—and the protection is most complete and beautiful. Do you ask, Will they *fight* in defense of a woman who, on account of an independent spirit and position, finds cause for offense in the rashness of a few? They will,—and I believe they will give their lives for such an object. Will they take out their purse, and freely give money if circumstances require this? I will not say I *believe* they will do this, for I *know* they will do it.

How *much* will they give? You can not count the sum, if they have so much. Ah, did I not speak truly?—not afraid of death, nor yet at all fearful lest dimes may be called for,—*peerless in bravery.* Many instances of this I could give from my own experience.

Tennessee will ask, Does the woman feel her dependence on men? Does she look up to men, and acknowledge that men have a right to "*take charge of her,*" and "*to take care of her?*" If so, we will show her that she's not deceived,—that we are, indeed, very great, and able to do this. If not, we'll give her to understand that we protect women so long as they know their place and *obey right good,* but no longer.

Ohio will ask, Where was she born; has she great and notable relations and connections? If so, she may know that we have great respect for those who can claim relationship to great characters, even down to Punch and Parker. If not, she must learn that women who are seen among strangers alone, are expected to give an account of themselves, and show why and wherefore it is that they have had the presumption to go away from home alone.

Carolina, or at least *some districts* of Carolina, will

ask, Does she dress beautifully? Does she wear plenty of gold, and jewels, and silks, and satins? Does she trip along from the dry-goods store to the millinery, and then from the millinery to the dry-goods store,—a pretty little show, with head lying first on one shoulder a little while, and then on the other, all the time thinking about herself, with mind so pleased, airy, and open, others can see *all* that is there, and never have the presumption to think any thing about "men's business," nor to go out without some man shall "take her out" and "take charge of her?" If so, then she may hang on our arm, and we 'll brush every little pebble from her path, and talk to her all such nice little talk,—for this we call *lady*. If not,—if she will learn and do other things besides what gentlemen *allow* her to do, and go out alone, especially among strangers, and "*do every thing she can do* by way of helping herself," it is evident to us that to say she tries to act like men is no punishment to her, consequently we 'll show her at once that she 's nothing but a woman, and these things she *shall not do*. We 'll prick her favorite, petted nag with pins, we 'll pull the long shiny hairs from his mane, and, though we dare not insult her person, we 'll *steal* from her when she does not see us,

valuable, nay, *invaluable* articles; we'll sell one horse from her, and allow another to run away; we'll sell her carriage, and, if many men frown, we'll call her *abolitionist*, and all is well; but we'll remind her that her place is to feel her dependence on men,—this is all we ask for our protection, and if any woman refuses to render so small pay, she shall see what we can do, if we really try:—but Virginia will ask only one question,—Is she *righteous* and *wronged?* If so, our strength, our energies, our wisdom, our ablest efforts, and our *purses*, shall be freely and unhesitatingly used in her defense, even though she ask not so much.

Ah, *Virginia*,—the name is still before me, just as mystically beautiful as ever! The heart beats quicker, the emotions become intense, the memory, well pleased, lingers round the spot.

When I thank Virginians for much kindness manifested towards myself as a stranger traveler, I thank gentlemen and ladies also, though ladies do not *any thing* excepting what the gentlemen tell them to do. In all instances, with two or three exceptions, throughout the whole State of Virginia, whenever I needed friends, or the kind interference of others, ladies protected me, but they invariably waited to see

what the gentlemen would first think about the matter, or how they would regard me, whether favorably or unfavorably,—and just whatever the gentlemen thought fit to do, precisely the same would they do, without any hesitancy, and without investigation. They do not *think* for themselves, and they *dare* not do this,—consequently, even when contemplating their kindness, I am compelled to say, I thank gentlemen first, and ladies only as men's tools. They have it not in their power to grant me privileges, but they could annoy me much, in many secret, underhand, sly, and cunning ways. This they were too noble to do.

The ladies of Virginia are ever under the influence of fear; they dare not do any thing at all; they dare not go out a certain number of times in a day; they dare not go out alone; if they see bills posted, they dare not stop to read, but they must *wait*,—may-be some of the gentlemen, knowing their curiosity, will tell them what is announced; or, if it is any thing the gentlemen do not wish them to know, they can send a black boy to take the papers away. I have known individuals to be damaged in purse at least ten or twelve dollars in this way. This fear is not of God's plan, because it causes them, under certain

circumstances, to take property that belongs to others, and injure others.

When I stood in their midst, so unfettered in aspiration, so high in thought, so free, and consequently strong, like that bird who rides proudly upon the winds, takes a peep now and then among the clouds, nay, rises above them to see how the heavens appear where no clouds are,—yet in her eye is a *strength of fondness* that no slave can understand;—when I stood in their midst, my heart beat rapidly with a gushing feeling, with an indescribable, elevated, pure happiness,—but I saw their fear and its consequences, and bethought me,—ah, *they pay a high price!*

All people of Virginia are by no means Virginians; some settlements in the western part, only ape to be of Virginia. In Clarksburg the state of morals is so low, it is considered really unsafe for a woman to go out alone; this is rather a poor indication for woman there, as there must always be a correspondence in the moral condition of the sexes,—however appearances may differ, the reality is the same; 't is as impossible to be otherwise, as for virtue to fall in love with, and wed, vice.

While stopping in Clarksburg, I proposed to give a public lecture, on "Woman's Will; its Subjugation,

and the Effect," and on going to the hall at the appointed time, found a large number of persons already assembled,—all manifesting a desire to make noise and disturbance,—talking funny little talk, which they considered most smart and wise, calling the meeting a show, etc. I did not notice this, but continued standing by the door, exacting an admission fee, and maintaining order. After I had taken between twenty-five and thirty dollars, the hall was filled, and putting the money into my purse, I stepped upon the platform, when the auditory became suddenly very still and attentive; but I only said, "Friends, the show is now over. I hope it is satisfactory. I am much obliged to you for your liberal patronage. There will be another show here on tomorrow evening."

I left immediately, and they were exceedingly angry, but were not allowed to injure me in any manner,—nor did I fear, because I knew there were a few Virginians present.

Men there are exceedingly vulgar and impure, and in consequence are compelled to keep their women down, and confine them almost as securely as in the Zananahs of India. Their women may well say, We do not *wish* to speak in public, for, in the first place,

they would not dare do this to save their lives; and, in the next place, they have not the knowledge, nor talent, nor strength of character requisite. It is natural enough for foxes to cry sour grapes when they can not reach them; but this is a poor spirit to possess women,—the mothers of mankind; it makes an individual who has any serious thoughts, sad to see unmistakable evidence of its existence.

The women of Clarksburg,—or, I should say, *some* of *them*, for I believe they are not all thus degraded,—dressed very finely, and came and strutted back and forth past my window, like so many pretty little shows, that any one can see, who will look, without paying any thing at all; looking up occasionally, to see if I noticed them, evidently to show me that they considered themselves quite as high, and happy as myself; and I noticed, as they walked along, they were so vain and weak the head would toss up and down, then from side to side, and you could see every thing that was in the mind, just as plainly as though 't were written out on their dress. They, too, pay a high price, and for a privilege not very elevating, after all.

Pruntytown, a small village near Clarksburg, is just like the latter, excepting there are no true Virginians there. After making a few brief remarks in that town, before an auditory not very numerous, I felt myself compelled to accept the company of a stranger man, who offered to see me safely to the house of entertainment,—for there was so great noise outside that I actually feared for my life. I accepted the company of that individual only as I would be thankful for the protection of a big dog, when bears and wolves are near, and felt the same sense of protection in his presence that we feel when large dogs walk along by our side, ready and able to fight every thing that offends us; and I am sure I felt no other sense of protection, for he had a smaller brain than any woman, consequently there was no consciousness of inferiority, which is sometimes called a natural feeling of dependence.

Now, the object of society is, to elevate people so that all will be gentlemen and ladies, or perfect men and women; and so long as she produces deformities instead, she defeats her own purposes.—There is certainly room for improvement. Her perfect men and women, even those of my own acquaintance, are a multitude,—I could not enumerate them,—therefore

I notice only her monsters, at least those that have fallen within the scope of my own observations.

The only tavern-keeper in Pruntytown, is one Smith, who is, himself, rather polite and agreeable, because he has knowledge of the world; but his wife is so ignorant that she stares at travelers with a vacant, idiotic, insolent stare,—with such white eyes, and with such a greasy, meaningless face, like the class of people they call, out west, greenhorns. In all my travels, I have never seen but one other woman like her, and that one was tavern-keeper Osborne's wife, in Leesburg, Virginia, who combines such insolence with ignorance, that she is sometimes called insane. I was never in her husband's house, and yet have seen her very queer manners at table. She seats herself, with a very pompous air, at the head of the table, imagining, no doubt, that to sit high causes her to be considered, in society, her lord's equal. But first of all is she seated, high, unbending, and stiff in limb as a poker. Then are the guests *ordered* to go in, to her. After entering the dining-hall, they must all stand back, and post themselves against the walls, while she sits there, not yet quite ready to give further orders. Presently she stretches forth her arms, towards her respectable

old lady guests, with the movement of a wooden-legged general, and *commands* them, "*You set down thar, and you set down thar.*"

It is no benefit whatever, for the women of Pruntytown to attend scientific lectures,—they are so pleased and delighted when gentlemen speak to them privately, they can hear nothing else, be it ever so important. I noticed that during my remarks there, the gentlemen diverted the attention of the ladies *all the time.* This was evidently purposely done, though the ladies appeared entirely unconscious of the design. And the gentlemen called ladies beautiful; but I'll wager my life they had none the more respect nor love for creatures who were such willing tools in their hands.

A little further westward, is Harrisville, where the women wait on, and work for their lords, almost as faithfully as do Indian women for their grand masters; and they, in common with the squaws, think it is all right; and no doubt they are as sly, wise, and skillful in ridiculing each other, as are those primeval daughters of the forest. There are a few very noble women in Harrisville, though I do not see how they can live there. The women generally think their lords are exceedingly kind, to allow them to give

their *price*, though it is so great that I am sure I should rather die than give so much.

In a little town called Jane Lew, near Weston,—and it makes me laugh to think of that town,—the people appear to possess a little of the spirit of "Old Virginia," they are so rash and impulsive; but the men are too boyish and childlike. They went at night, when I was sleeping as soundly and sweetly as ever in my life, and took all the bolts from my carriage, leaving it in parts, strewed here and there, some in the middle of the creek near by, others lying over the ground, and one wheel they took pains to "tote" two miles up the creek, and hide under a rock. The landlord, Bunch, in whose house I was stopping, was said to be the leader in this, and all because, having proposed to give them a lecture, I afterwards refused to fulfill my engagement. When assembled, with the expectation of hearing me, they appeared so rude and boisterous, I refused to go to the meeting-house. Upon this, they made great effort to *compel* me to go; but soon finding that I could not be forced to do any thing in the world, went away, and at night determined to punish me.

Woman's modesty there is made an instrument by

which she is kept in subjection. In the parlor of the hotel was a very talented,—I should say, a very wise man, whose name I forget,—I think he was an ex-member of Congress. Mr. Bunch, the landlord, was also present, and myself. The stranger gentleman was communicative,—had very great knowledge, and knew well how to impart his knowledge; and as he addressed his talk to Mr. Bunch and also to myself, I could ask questions, and in the course of an hour had learned much. I noticed that Mrs. Bunch, the mother of the landlord's children, remained all the time out in a little room with the children, evidently for no other reason than that she considered that her "place," and thought she appeared more modest to do so. She was a very kind, good woman, but when I would converse with her, she could only say yes, and no, for she had not half so much knowledge as her husband possessed. I could not learn any thing at all from her, and I asked myself how could she teach her children. Indeed, her little boys appeared already to have more knowledge than herself.

Ladies in that part of the country, pay a price so great it impoverishes themselves, and wrongs the rising generation.

To defray expenses in traveling, I have very often given public lectures, and upon these occasions, invariably exacted an admission fee. In selecting subjects of discourse, I have chosen Woman's Will, its Subjugation and the Effect, for the reason that that subject invariably secured me a larger auditory than any other; and it is worthy of remark, that in the South, after leaving Kentucky and the northern part of Virginia, I was compelled to exclude ladies from my lectures. In a majority of towns, I had bills posted, excluding them positively, and in plain terms, stating that "No ladies will be admitted to the first lecture for any consideration whatever;" in other towns the prohibition would do in some other form not quite so perspicuous, but in every town visited, south of Kentucky, I gave the people to understand, in one way or another, that ladies would not be admitted. The reason was this: The gentlemen wished to hear what I had to say about Woman's Will,—they did not wish to hear any other subject discussed, and they did not wish the ladies to hear this; consequently, if I expressed a willingness that both ladies and gentlemen should hear, gentlemen would not attend; well knowing that if the ladies' envy was not sufficient to overcome their curiosity

and keep them away, their own non-attendance would be decisive in the matter. I have heard gentlemen's motives explained in this manner, by southern individuals, in the same words, many times. Ladies, nevertheless, sometimes seemed to understand this, as they often broke over my rules, and walked quite fearlessly into my lecture-room. In some instances where gentlemen were very noble and gallant, as in Wadesboro of North Carolina, they only laughed; upon other occasions, they appeared exceedingly vexed. In Marion, of South Carolina, I had said, "No ladies shall be admitted," and yet a few ladies came in after the hall was quite filled with gentlemen. Every seat was occupied when the ladies entered,—no one arose, as upon any other occasion they were all sure to do,—no one offered them seats, but one cried out, "No ladies admitted;"—not one of the gentlemen could be prevailed on to give his seat to a lady;—at least for some minutes,—I think they did so after a while.

Gentlemen in the South, as well as in the North, have more knowledge than ladies, and this gives them an ascendency they are well pleased to maintain. They keep women in comparative ignorance, without any other excuse save, "it is their *place*."

There are as many men in the North, as in the South, and I think more in number, who take delight in subduing women, and in making them bow and yield to themselves, personally, as their subjects, for no other reason than because they are men.

It is said of one Samuel Bemus, of McConnelsville, Ohio, who moves in the best society, and professes to be respectable, that he *whips* his aunt Susan,—that he calls Frank Kirk, his hack-driver, to his aid in this most disgusting business. I do not know whether this is true, but I believe it is. Of the same class of men, is the landlord of a very dirty tavern, called the Planter's Hotel, in Eddyville, Kentucky, with the exception that the latter can not read nor write, and moves in the very lowest society.

The men of Dresden, Ohio, hold the moral character of their women, as instruments, ever ready for use in keeping them in subjection. Women may be right naughty and contrary, sometimes, as may be a child, or a parrot, but if they really do not deport themselves meekly and gently, and do every thing the gentlemen wish them to do, the gentlemen will threaten instantly to injure their moral character. Only a hint is sufficient, and women cower in a

minute, as much as to say, Oh, do not this; how can you be so cruel as to injure one who has already put herself under your feet, by acknowledging that you have a right to do all things, good or bad, as suits your pleasure or convenience; and to criticise, correct, and punish her, or to ruin her if she dare be in the least obstinate, when it comes to matters of real earnest, while she must take all patiently and never retort, lest some one should call her masculine?

Ah, what a dear, *very dear* price does she pay!

Upon one occasion I spoke angrily to one who considers himself one of the first men of Dresden. I was very angry, and spoke very harshly. His first, ready, quick reply was, "*you are a stranger, you had better look out.*" Had he met me on equal grounds, and answered me harshly in turn, as he would one of his own sex, I should have said no more; but when I perceived that he thought I, too, was one of his tools, my anger increased to a *still paleness*, and I slowly and deliberately turned to my dog, and pointing to the man's hand, said, "Growler, if that man opens his lips again in my presence, *tear his hand all to pieces!*" I had a very strong dog who went out with me only occasionally, and never was allowed to attack any one, unless he first made effort

to handle my character as a female, or my kindness as a woman, as he would play with a whip over a child's head, to frighten and subdue the naughty one.

The man of Dresden then, also, turned pale, not from fear of the dog, but because he would not like to have it said, *a woman set a dog on him!* I had frightened him even more than myself was frightened, consequently, I was satisfied and left him. He was welcome to do whatever he could do in my absence,—he could frighten his own women over my shoulders, but he could never injure myself in the slightest degree; he had it not in his power to do so, for the very reason that he feared for his life in my presence.

The women of that town allow their *virtue* and their *womanly kindness*, to be held as instruments of correction, over their own heads, forever and most *triumphantly*, while they cringe, and cower, and watch themselves incessantly, lest somebody should *lie* about them. Ah, dear price they pay for the privilege of being considered the pretty little things that men keep,—price dearer than all, for it is their dignity,—it is their womanhood,—it is their independence, and consequently, their strength.

There is a blacksmith, near Elizaville, Kentucky, in whose house, I, in passing by, had put up for the night. Was requested to be seated in a large, airy room, and presently the blacksmith and wife placed themselves directly in front of me, with arms crossed on the breast, to look at me. Being accustomed to manners of this kind, I was not at all disturbed, and taking a book from my portfolio, began to read.

They waited a while in silence, evidently expecting that I would soon make known my business, and offer my apologies for having the presumption to travel alone. She, good-natured looking, and quite ready to forgive me providing I should say I preferred her life to my own, and only traveled from necessity, or, mayhap, because I was more unfortunate than herself,—had a drunken husband,—starving children,—was traveling for their sake, etc., and he, almost angry lest I should say I was happy,—had many loving, respectful friends, and enjoyed my own life well. After a long pause, my host broke the silence, saying to me, "Are you Miss ——?" calling by name a lady advocate of Woman's Rights, who *was* Miss, but who is now married. A lady distinguished for "sweetness of temper," and amiability of disposition. A lady of acknowledged, high worth and purity.

I replied, "No sir, I have not so high an honor; but as you kindly entertain me in your house, it is proper that I should give you my name." As soon as I gave my name, he continued talking about those "strong-minded women,"—'t was his opinion, men do not love "sich women" so much as they do women "who will give up to men's ways."

In expressing my opinion, I declared that one like himself, and every other who is very much bloated in his own mind and feelings;—who thinks it big and grand to have some beautiful creature begging him for her bread, does not love strong-minded women, *at all*, nor indeed any other woman, nor is he *capable* of loving any thing on earth but himself;—that no woman can have the powerful, deep, permanent love of an independent, high-souled, great, and generous man, unless she, herself, be independent.

The blacksmith appeared not altogether satisfied with his talk about who is loved most, and yet evidently wished to bring this conversation to a close as soon as possible; consequently, he suddenly and abruptly laid hold on the great weapon, sometimes wielded first of all, and sometimes kept in reserve till every other is broken.

Commencing with the name alluded to before, he

continued to call up the names of ladies he had heard as belonging to the Woman's Rights party,—"these," said he, "have made themselves *infamous*." "In what manner, infamous?" I inquired.

"Why, don't you see, they are in every newspaper in the United States, and some of these papers makes fun of 'em, too, and they *all* thinks that every woman who stands out ag'in men, and goes about wherever she pleases, alone, ort to be put in the papers, and ort to be made fun of, and ort to be ruined; and so do I think so too, because women know it is a mighty easy thing for men to ruin their repetashun. Men allers will say what they please, and women should be mighty careful as to what they do, for there has many a woman been ruined jist in makin' too free, or in gwoin ahead a leetle too fur, even when she didn't think no harm in it."

"That kind of talk will do to frighten your women," I rejoined, "but I hope you will not consider it suited to myself;—though, really, under these circumstances, inasmuch as I have come to your house in my own carriage, traveling alone, I have taken a part of your remarks as personal insults, consequently, have only one more remark of my own to make this evening, and that is, if you offer *just one* more of these to me,

my dog shall *tear you in pieces and eat you up!* for he likes fresh meat." I said this in *pale anger*, for *at the moment*, I really desired to see this. In the meantime I looked round significantly at my Growler, who immediately placed himself by my side,—looked into the man's face, and uttered one low, suppressed, savage growl. The man did not speak to me more, except upon the *weather*, etc.

After we had retired, two young men who seemed to be at home there, came in, and took a room adjoining mine. I did not listen to their talk, yet could not avoid hearing what they had to say, as there was only a slight partition of very thin plank. From all their remarks, I am certain they had not been apprised of my arrival, and did not know I was in the house; nor should I ever repeat what I heard under those circumstances, were it not offensive to my dignity as a woman.

"Women are like hosses," said one; "wherever you see them nice, delicate, good-looking and well-proportioned, you're sure to find some blemishes; and wherever they're strong, hearty, and spirited, you'll always find they're up to some pranks."

Thus I learned that in that house, where women are taught to disrespect their superiors, women who

are far superior to them,—are themselves regarded with contempt, even by those vulgar men. However ignorant or low may be the society in any part of the country, you do not hear women making similar comparisons for men; it is *contempt* only that does this.

It seems to me a very poor and selfish feeling with men, who desire to keep women in ignorance of the world, and of all outward life, as this, under some circumstances, makes them appear extremely contemptible to strangers.

When traveling in Rowen county, Kentucky, night came on while I was yet seven or eight miles from the county seat. Stopping in front of a comfortable-looking private dwelling-house, I asked a gentleman who was standing by the gate, if he would be so kind as to direct me to a house of entertainment. "Yes," was the reply, "we keep entertainment." "Perhaps I can stop with you over-night?" "Yes, we will try to accommodate you,—if you stop with us, we will give you the best we have."

I stepped from my carriage,—left my baggage in his care to dispose of for the night as he thought best, and walked towards the house alone. At the door stood my hostess, a small, and rather untidy-looking personage, who apparently had never seen a stranger

before in the world; but she had heard all those fearful tales, gotten up on purpose to frighten women, about women who go out alone,—how they're masculine, unlovely, bold,—how that gentlemen do not admire them,—how that true ladies know their place, etc. And this was absolutely *all* she knew.

As I approached the spot where she was standing, she turned her face from me suddenly,—ran across the room,—dodging about, here and there, without any object,—jabbering in a sharp little voice, to her children,—frisking,—looking,—winking,—tossing her little head backwards and forwards, and anon from side to side, like a little monkey. At last, after I had been standing outside the door some minutes, her lady-voice,—for I can not call her *woman*, that high and noble, that honorable appellation does not belong to her,—but her lady-voice squeaked out, "Come in, you can take that chair." As soon as I was seated, without requesting me to lay aside my bonnet, she continued, "Are ye trav'lin'?" "You can see that I am traveling." "Oh yis, I understand ye, whar ye trav'lin' to, and what ye doin' for a livin'?—it's mighty strange for a woman to be trav'lin' alone." "I have no time to engage in conversation of this character, nor does it please me; I will attend to my

own business, and if you will attend to yours, all is well, if not, you should let me know the same soon, as it is late."

"Oh yis, I understand ye, may be as how ye'd better go on, for I can git no satisfaction out o' ye at all,—my man says he thinks women ort to be satisfied with hum;—lors bless my soul! I wouldn't dare to go out alone as you do, for nothin' in the world! I was allers mighty modest that way, and without braggin' too. I'm more feared than any the women round here, and without braggin' too,—*that I am*, and without praisin' myself, for my man knows it!"

She continued to jabber away, but feeling too weary and impatient to listen, I stepped to the door and said, "Landlord, perhaps 'twere not better to take my luggage from the carriage, as this woman says 'tis strange for a woman to travel alone, and I had better go on."

"What?" said the landlord, as he stepped quickly into the house, "what's this,—what's this,—what does this mean?"

"I say whatever I please," replied the lady, "and I do whatever I please, too; I'm as independent as anybody, and I know my place, too, and that's

more yit. This woman won't give me no satisfaction at all,—she won't tell me what she 's doin' for a livin', nor whar she's gwoin."

"That 's nobody's business but my own," I said, and the landlord beckoned her out upon the back porch, where I heard him scold her as he would a child.

I remained in their house till the following morning, but the lady did not speak to me after being corrected, only in the most respectful manner. At table I *ordered* her, and said, "Pass the bread for me,—give me some milk," and she obeyed without one word of reply. When the table was removed, and we sat by the cheerful firelight, the conversation took a serious and profitable turn. The gentleman of the house and myself discussed various topics; I learned from his conversation that he had never traveled, nor had he been from home oftener than his wife, and yet he had much knowledge,—was very intelligent, communicative, and good-natured in conversation. He had done as all gentlemen do, converse sensibly when they have an opportunity,—express their own opinions, and learn something from all.

I said, the gentleman of the house and myself

conversed. True, the lady did not say one word, for she did not know one word to offer in this part of the conversation; after she had told all about her inimitable modesty, and extreme timidity, and how well she knew her *place*, her speech was ended. She had nothing nore to say, and knew nothing more, for she had never been taught to think about any thing else.

This woman was of Kentucky, as I said before, but very unlike the ladies of Kentucky, generally; *there is more gallantry with the ladies of Kentucky, than with the women of any other State that I have seen*, and my visits have been extended to nearly all, excepting the New England States. The cause for this you 'll very soon learn,—you should observe that the men of Kentucky are, generally, very noble, high-souled, free, brave, and unselfish.

In Spartanburg, of South Carolina, the ladies are governed entirely by fear, which renders them very inferior. There is no wonder they say "the gentlemen are our lords, and we have no right to say any thing, unless we know it is what they wish us to say," for it does not take long, without any other agency, to blight and wither the intellect, when the passion,

fear,—forever on the alert,—is allowed to control every feeling of the heart, every faculty of the mind, and every motion of the body. They fear to go out upon a wet or damp day, lest the gentlemen will "put them in the newspaper." When they fear to do any thing, they say, We do not *wish* to do this. When they walk out, they fear to stoop or bend the body, or stop to remain a minute, on the walk,—they dare not turn the head, nor look behind them, nor cross the street except at particular points, though it save them distance and trouble. They fear to do any thing unless they have heard that women have done the same before.

The last assertion is applicable to women generally. Gentlemen excel in all science,—there is no woman in our country who would dare to have this said of her, even were it true. Gentlemen excel in all art,—women paint a little,—some are even said to be talented, but no woman *dare* to paint a picture true to nature. No woman dare let the fire of genius be seen burning in her eye; nor stand in a quarry and know that she is a *creator*.

One Griffin, in Yancy county, near Burnsville, North Carolina, teaches his wife to wait at table, till

he has eaten, because, he makes her believe, it renders her more modest, feminine, and delicate to do so. This was the only man of so extraordinary big feelings whom I saw in that State. The goodness and kindness of North Carolina, I could not tell,—it is too great,—the kind, generous, sympathizing, great hearts are too numerous. They have contempt for women, though.

I stood on the banks of the Catawba, to witness a baptismal scene. The minister was a Baptist, and the candidates, some thirty or forty, were to be immersed. The atmosphere was most pure and sweet,—the sun was affectionately warm,—the great, broad sunflowers laughed,—the wicked spectators smiled,—and the Catawba lay there, "still and sparkling." But I noticed the minister, an uneducated man, but a most shrewd and wise child of nature, after offering some able and unanswerable arguments in favor of immersion as the only proper mode of baptism, declared, "*The brethren should be baptized first, and the sisters afterwards!*" Then I could but think, How convenient and tempting 't would be, as he stood there, just on the very brink of the stream, if I were only standing immediately behind him; I would just touch him slily with my foot, pushing a little sud-

denly forward, and he should be baptized first of all. Wouldn't he *pick himself up* quickly?

They think gentlemen must be first, or ladies must be first,—therefore gentlemen should be first; can not see how it could be otherwise. They have no idea of equality.

But in speaking of monstrous strong, dog-like, chuckle-headed, bloated-faced men, there are as many in the North as in the South.

When about to visit Coshocton, Ohio, I took a canal-boat, which landed near that town very early in the morning,—just at the dawn of day. The boat put off immediately, and there being no conveyance, I must, of course, walk over to the town,—though I should have preferred this, so early in the morning, had there been on hand a dozen busses or carriages. I was strengthened and animated by my morning walk,—and for want of company on my solitary way, repeated Byron's Dream of Darkness, from my love of bold thoughts and powerful natures. Felt very happy when I arrived at Mr. Jones' Hotel, and had entirely forgotten that I was in Ohio, where many excellent people dwell, but where every woman who has the presumption to go out alone, is expected to

give an account of herself. Mr. Jones was, himself, a gentleman, polite and agreeable,—but there were half a dozen others, who immediately began to ask me strange and significant questions, about where I came from so early in the morning,—no other woman would dare to do the like, etc. I put a stop to this immediately, by assuring them that I considered myself the judge,—the best and most capable judge of my own conduct,—of where I go, and what I do, etc. Furthermore, I gave them to understand, that for *the safety of their lives*, they should ask me no more questions. But I feared for my own life in turn, when Judge Barnes spoke to me in a loud, boisterous, insulting tone, uttering vehement threatenings, with violent gesticulations, because I obstinately refused to tell where I was born, who my relatives were, etc., and because I requested him to walk away from my presence as soon as he could make it convenient. No doubt he is one of your important personages, who can boast of forefathers, renowned associates, obedient dogs, and women who "know their place,"—if not, he can soon frighten them into their place, by telling them how much more lovely they are, if they never have the presumption to order a man away from their presence.

If this does not suffice, he can frighten them still more, by hinting that people will call them *insane*, if they should dare be strong-headed, particularly when there is a man about. Or, furthermore, he can tell them how *miserable* some woman is who thinks she can defy, or whip, or punish a man.

Soon after, Mr. Eli Nichols, a very good and kind man, apparently, gained an introduction to me by Mr. Jones, my portly, pleasant, agreeable landlord. Mr. Nichols had come, he said, as a friend; he thought I had been "mistreated," and if I would tell him all about myself, and my friends,—show him my letters of recommendation,—show him my private letters from my dear friends,—tell him how it was that I should rise so early in the morning, and go to a hotel without taking a man along with me as my passport, (women are considered so prone to vileness, in some parts of the State of Ohio, that it is absolutely necessary in going out, to take a man along as a passport. Should a woman call at any hotel during the day, at any hour, or during the night at any hour, all eyes will look, wide open, till they see a man by her side; and as soon as they discover the passport, every one will attend to his own business,—none will question her,—none will insult her, so long as she conducts

herself properly;) he said if I would explain these things to him he would be a very good friend to me, that is, *providing it was proved on trial that I already had many friends,*—he would "go and talk to them," he said,—tell them they should not be so bold, inquisitive, etc. I replied I had plenty of friends already, and had no need for more,—that I had no time nor disposition to show my letters,—that I had not asked for his friendship, neither did I desire it, nor any of his assistance; and *I think* I also ordered him away from my presence.

Ah, I can not pay their price,—sure, it is far, far too large. I will never give an account of myself, as though I were a child, and needed a guardian; I will never make apologies so long as I have done nothing wrong,—and I will never put my soul in the dust, nor my dignity right under the feet of people, for fear lest they may *lie* about me. There is not strength enough in society to compel me to do this, nor is there any thing that can accrue in consequence of this, that will, or can, disturb my calmness or happness in the least.

There is the life of true democracy in every part of the country. The spirit of freedom is very large

in the South, as well as in the North, though manifesting itself in a mystic, contemplative, fascinating form; but there are individuals everywhere, as tyrannical, as overbearing, as monstrous, and contemptible, as a Nero or a Caligula.

Occasional jottings from my book of travels, afford good illustrations, as I have been, in many parts of the country, the representative of what is new, and unpopular,—consequently allowing individuals with whom I have had dealings, the best of opportunities to act in accordance with their real natures, or to make a grand display in my presence of their contempt for woman, and their own greatness.

At the time of my visit to Snickersville, Virginia, I saw Mason Moore, without any authority, imprison a respectable white woman, because she "*spoke saucy*" to him! Then, without fear of law, or society, he insulted her in the most gross, indecent, low, vulgar manner,—too indecent, too vulgar to name,—and afterwards, when she pointed a piece of sugar-cane at him, under pretense that it was a pistol, he ran into the garden, and peeped at her from behind a cherry-tree;—manners well becoming so great a coward.

When stopping in Jonesville, Virginia, I saw James Don Martin, who had, for the same reason,

(there is now and then a man to whom no woman "*shall dare speak saucy*,") treated an unprotected and defenseless woman in so ill a manner as to arouse the indignation of the whole community; they called a public meeting, investigated the matter, took the lady from his clutches, and aided and protected her in the most beautiful manner. He is a brother of the Martin who was elected Congressman from that district this summer, but very unlike him, for he can not read, only as a small school-boy reads; and I was thinking, "if he knew more, no doubt he would be wiser."

The same might be said of landlord Everitt, of Bristol, South Virginia, who, if a traveler does not favor his peculiar views and notions of things, allows his negroes to insult him;—like a cowardly hunter, who hides himself behind a screen, and sets his dog to fight the bear.

There is an Arnold who keeps tavern in Elberton, Georgia, whose wife, one would naturally think, is of doubtful reputation, judging from an incident that occurred during my visit to that town. A traveler put up with him, and in conversation at night, just before retiring, offered a remark for women, intending

it for *women generally*. The landlord instantly applied it to his wife, imagining that the stranger wished to insinuate that his wife was of ill repute, etc., and turned the traveler out doors at once. Others, of course, would not invite to their firesides one whom the tavern had turned away; consequently, the poor stranger was compelled to remain out on the street during the whole long, dreary, cold night. There is a degree of freedom in Georgia, but there is no gallantry. There is poor land, but much wealth; there is woman, kept very much as the harems of the East,—they dare not look at the gentlemen often, but by their manner and peculiar stare, one might judge that they 're all the time trying to look each other out of countenance. Their bold, impudent, insolent gaze, is disgusting to the modest, refined, intelligent female, in the highest degree.

The same may be said of the women of Ironton, Ohio, where they frisk round their lords, all the time talking about their extraordinary love for their husbands and children, as though no other women knew how to love their husbands and children.

In Hancock and Sullivan counties, of Tennessee, there is the greatest laxity of morals. Ladies allow

gentlemen to be licentious, and are quite as well pleased with their society as though they were really good and respectable; and they, themselves, are regarded as being very weak, and morally impure. If the gentlemen see a lady away from her husband, or where her husband can not see her, they think it is a *matter of course* she will do wrong; indeed, they are *quite sure of this.*

When I compare the men of Tennessee, generally, with all other men in the country, I must say they are more unkind and more unfeeling towards the needy. I will give only one example, though I might give many:

A country lady of poor family, rather meanly clad, though clean, hastened from her home to visit a sick relative in Nashville. Wishing to take the morning train, and fearing to be late, she walked hurriedly over three miles distance, and arrived at the Fosterville depot, (not far from Nashville,) while it was yet an hour, or an hour and a half to car-time. There was no apartment at the depot, excepting the forwarding store, for freight. The agent's name was Edwards. The lady was not allowed to sit in the freight or lumber room, in waiting for the cars, because "'t was no place for travelers,"—she was not

allowed to sit in his grocery store, near at hand, because himself and clerk must go to breakfast; there was no hotel, and if, under these circumstances, the agent and his clerk were so devoid of human kindness that they would not allow her the poor privilege of seating herself as comfortably as possible in the forwarding room, she thought it not worth while to ask for shelter in any private house, consequently she was compelled to sit out in the open air, on an old rough box, though it had commenced raining, and the wind blew quite chilly.

The poor woman looked pale, and sad, and weary; but the rain increased, and there she sat, on her little old box placed up against some larger boxes on the platform, directly in front of the grocery-store, till she was literally drenched, and continued sitting afterwards, even till the cars came.

If the woman had been wealthy, she would have found a shelter without any difficulty,—the gentlemen of Tennessee are *exceedingly kind* and *generous* towards those who need nothing. I say *gentlemen* of Tennessee, because it is not necessary to describe any quality belonging to the ladies,—when we know what gentlemen *wish* ladies to be, then we know at once what they *are*, in Tennessee, as well as in every

other State. This is *woman's influence*,—quite nothing at all when compared to man's influence. If there is any exception to this, it is in the State of Kentucky. In some towns of Northern and Middle Tennessee, ladies are very gallant and generous, as also they are in many parts of the State of Iowa, but in this, Kentucky excels all. I could mention instances of the kindness, of the great and fearless hearts, of the ladies of Kentucky, that would fill a large volume.

But, in speaking of the boldness and impudence of individual men, I am reminded of an occurrence in Indiana. Upon one occasion I picked up a print which gave an account of a lone lady-traveler's passage through Fort Wayne, of that State. She was a stranger, it stated,—had not traveled many months, and did not know the world very well,—consequently had not much courage, and did not know at all how to manage ignorant, low, and vulgar people. Arriving in Fort Wayne by public conveyance, she chanced to stop at a very low Dutch house, called the Palo Alto House, kept by a fat, filthy Dutchman, named Mayer, who, from his acts and appearance, she called a drunkard. She was alone and unpro-

tected,—consequently, having evidently never before been patronized by a respectable lone woman, they at once took her to be one of their number,—one of like character with themselves. They went fearlessly and boldly into her presence, regarding her as on the same footing with themselves,—taking it for granted, as a matter of course, that because she was traveling alone, therefore she was as low as they, and would do all things which they would do.

After offering her insult in a form which aroused the utmost power of her indignation, and seeing, to their astonishment, that she really manifested a spirit of resentment, they told her she could go away, if she would,—as they could get plenty of gentlemen boarders.

No house of that character, however still or sly they may be in their wickedness, should be allowed to display a sign inviting travelers to call.

In many public houses in Pennsylvania, a lady traveling alone can not get entertainment, unless she pays for two persons. The rooms will all accommodate two or more, therefore the lady will be turned away, unless she consents immediately to pay twice

as much as a man pays, because the proprietor must not lose any thing.

Pennsylvania is a very civil State. It is a fact worthy of notice, that there are three States where boys are not allowed to insult ladies,—and *only three;* namely, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania. Alike only in this, they are as dissimilar in other respects as day and night. Tennessee is quiet, cold, and cruel,—but she has spasms in which she manifests much generosity; North Carolina is as warm and kind as heaven; but Pennsylvania,—I declare, those Dutchmen think more of a dime than they do of their souls,—or, at least, they think more of a dime, and pay more attention to it, than they do to the souls of their women.

There are some talented women in Pennsylvania, and two or three "bright particular stars," but the *majority* of the women of that State can not read nor write. They are beautiful,—and when viewed at a little distance, habited in white, their eyes seem to sparkle, and their cheeks are as pretty as pinks; but nearer,—the mind is vacant,—the features are as pretty as ever, but the eye has lost its meaning. Women are men's slaves in Pennsylvania,—in their

labor,—in their family relations,—in their own feelings,—in all things, hopelessly and permanently. Many of the men are ignorant, and many of those who have much knowledge, do not wish that women should be educated, because they answer their purpose quite as well, and even better, in their present condition.

The women of Pennsylvania have naturally good abilities, but the mind is like a sea in a dead atmosphere, that lies in its bed, silent, waveless, still, and presently becomes thick, and green, and dark; and anon there heaves up from its depths a *crawling* life, and noiselessly agitates the whole surface.

The ladies of Pennsylvania will do *any thing in the world for gentlemen.* They will do far more for gentlemen than gentlemen will for ladies. During my visit to West Middletown, I gave a public lecture on "Woman's Will; its Subjugation, and the Effect;" and in the course of my remarks upon the various tendencies in society that render woman inferior, and consequently man's subject, two young ladies arose and left the church, very suddenly and abruptly. I did not notice the movement particularly at the time, but was subsequently reminded of the occurrence by

Mr. Donaway, a resident of that town, who said they had left, thinking to please some young gentlemen who were present. He "had to laugh," he said, "when the young gentlemen did not follow them out, nor smile on them for being opposed to woman's rights, as they had expected." The young gentlemen had accompanied them to the church, but they were compelled to *go home alone!* for, as he further remarked, "the young men liked the lecture very well."

Equally abject are the women of Mechanicsburg, Holidaysburg, and Cannonsburg. While in Bricelands tavern, at Cannonsburg, I heard the women who were assisting in the house remarking, that "Briceland's wife has abused every woman who has stopped any time in this house." After a moment's pause, they continued, "There was Mr. S——'s wife; she would never let that poor woman alone; she worried her life out, and abused her shamefully; it was the cause of their leaving."

Now, this same Briceland was "some pumpkins," of course; he was *the head* of the family,—*the head* of the house,—*the head* of the children,—*the head* of the boarders,—*the head* of the travelers,—*the head* of the business,—*the head* of the property,—

the head of all. And the woman was compelled to look up to him and obey him,—this was what gave her so mean a spirit, and a desire to make extravagant use of her power, in every instance where she had any at all.

A being who lays claim to the noble name of *woman*, frisking round her lord and master, while, at the same time, she hunts her own sex with a savage ferocity, is the most disgusting spectacle on earth.

The women of Chambersburg, Harrisburg, and many other towns, are quite independent, generous, and even somewhat gallant.

The ladies of Carlisle, Illinois, are even more fond of the gentlemen than are those of West Middletown, Pennsylvania,—and will do far more for gentlemen than gentlemen will do for ladies.

In one of my lectures given in Carlisle, I represented woman as the crowning work of creation; spoke of her surpassing beauty; of her voice, as being an octave higher than a man's voice,—as a man's voice is also higher than an ox's voice; of the fact that in the creation, God began with the lowest,—his work progressed upward, and woman crowned all;

of her strength; of her being unconscious of her own strength; of her strength to live when hope is dead; of her power to endure; of her strength, when developed in savage life,—as being, perhaps, even more rash, cruel, unmerciful, and revengeful, than that of the opposite sex, as it is well known that among savages, the women emulate the men in cruelty to the captured foe; of all history, as furnishing us with examples that she can do whatever she may think she can do, or whatever she is called upon to do; of her strength when developed under peculiar circumstances of barbarous life, to face a storm of bayonets, to fight on the field of battle, and *conquer every time;* of her strength in all times, to meet death calmly and fearlessly on the gallows, or in the dungeon,—to remain unbound at the burning stake, and shout praises to God, while the flames crackle among her bones, and crisp her flesh,—to walk into the flames firmly and boldly, and burn to death upon a corpse, even when uncheered and unstrengthened by the Christian's God. I also alluded to the remarkable fact that she has still retained a little of her strength, though kept as man's tool for so long a time. But my auditory did not hear much of this. As soon as I began to speak of woman's *strength,* they became wiser than their

speaker; knew already that woman had no *strength;* she might have beauty, to be sure, but *strength,*—that was out of the question. Was it not generally known and understood that women are all weakness? was not their weakness lovely, too?—mark, they *wish* to be weak, because men love weak women more. Had not Shakspeare said, "Frailty, thy name is woman?" In my first remark on woman's strength, the gentlemen all smiled faintly on each other, as much as to say, That will do to talk about; the naughty things can be right stubborn and contrary, when they know it pleases us to be so, but the speaker is a fool if she does not know that they will, in reality, do whatever they know we wish them to do,—no matter what it may be.

The gentlemen were exceedingly impatient; did not care to hear me on this part of the subject; knew all things as relating to that subject, already. Some of the young gentlemen wished to show me what they could do *even then, and before my eyes.*

Presently two tall, handsome, elegantly-dressed, intelligent-looking young men arose, and, with a smile on the face, and the lip curled a little, looked significantly towards each other, and passed rapidly out

of the room, walking with a stately, important air. Immediately did twelve or fifteen young ladies follow directly after them, even before they had closed the door on going out. Only married ladies remained in the room.

The moon was shining, and I could see from the window, the young ladies passing down the hill in front of the hall, but *unaccompanied by the gentlemen!* As soon as their forms were lost in the shrubbery below, the young men, who had been standing outside on purpose to witness their maneuvers, laughed out loudly, and returning quite satisfied, resumed their seats, and listened to my lecture more attentively.

I have never seen ladies, in any part of the country, having such exceeding great love for the gentlemen, as they have in Carlisle, Illinois. Before marriage, they keep themselves in waiting for men, *without requiring as much of them*, and then say in their actions, Here we are, ready and anxious to give our beauty and our charms freely; we ask not whether you are virtuous or not virtuous,—and if these are not sufficient, lo! here is the dignity of our womanhood,—we will put this under your feet.

Every traveler, in going southward, whether he 's from the North,—from England, Germany, or France,—finds exceeding great prejudice against him, on account of slavery. Every southerner at once surmises he has come on an abolition errand. I saw one Thomas Johnson, who keeps a small country-like tavern, called the Drake House, in Lebanon, Tennessee, turn a poor, lame traveler out doors,—it seemed to me in a most unmerciful manner,—after extorting an exorbitant bill. The traveler was a stranger, and very lame, so as to be just able to limp along slowly, with the aid of a staff. The only reason or excuse assigned for this extreme unkindness or cruelty was, that *three servants were seen at one time in the traveler's room.* The traveler, not heeding the presence of servants, could not tell how many had been in the room at one and the same time,—therefore could not refute the charge. But I had the pleasure of seeing that town investigate the matter, protect the traveler, and I did hear that the same Johnson was cowhided at night.

In Anson, a small village in Anson county, North Carolina, I was desirous to get my carriage repaired,—the work of only three or four hours. The

blacksmith agreed to do the same as soon as possible,—separated the carriage in parts, and left it lying thus several days, detaining me there the long while on expense, on purpose to annoy and vex me, because some one had said I was an abolitionist.

Two or three more youthful men, thinking it so smart and pretty to have the girls sit all day, with hands folded, and mind vacant, waiting for them,—looking forward as their highest ambition, as the end and aim of their being, to have the gentlemen take them out to ride, and finally take them to keep;—these *tremendous youths* were decidedly of opinion that no woman has a right to be traveling wherever she sees fit; that 't will never do to let women get such notions into their heads; that there should be a stop put to it immediately; the sooner the better, as it must be done. They talked in a manner something like this, while they frisked and flirted about on the street, and then flirted and frisked, till at last one of them fell into a gutter, and the last I saw of him, he was picking himself up, all mud and mire; but even then, the outer man could not be as filthy as the inner,—'t were not possible. But these *tremendous* sons of Eve are numerous in every part of the country,—there are quite as many in the North

as in the slave States. The elderly men said I "knew more than all the rest of the women together; that there was *no doubt I was an abolitionist.*" *This I heard them say.*

Now, as for the slavery question, I have never interested myself in this, in any way. There are other objects that have taken all my time, my sympathy, my care, and attention. I have read something about this in newspapers; have heard people talking about it, therefore can not say I am entirely ignorant in this respect, but have never thought much about it; do not remember that I ever heard my nearest relatives speaking on the subject; do not remember that I ever attended a lecture on slavery, either in favor or in opposition to this institution, in my life. Do not think there is an individual living who can say that he, or she, ever heard me discussing this question, either in public or in private. It follows, as a matter of course, I did not reform in the far South, and suddenly turn my attention to negro-stealing; consequently they saw not the slightest evidence with me, or in my manner, that I was interested in any way for the negroes.

In most parts of South Carolina, excepting Abbeville, Lexington, Orangeburg, and some other towns

in the western part, the people are *insane* on the subject of slavery. There have never been any days of my life more agreeably passed, than some of the days in South Carolina; yet, in a small number of districts, their insanity on this subject renders them displeased in every way. In Sumter, the men are so partly insane, so partly boyish, I could not tell what predominated. They thought I had come for some of their negroes. They have the most extravagant notions of their own wealth and greatness; think all people in the North are poor, and envious of the South, on account of their wealth; believe that whatever people may do in the North, they do the same for a livelihood, because they are poor. They were angry with me because I told them, in my public lecture, that "Northern ladies have more liberty to go out and in,—to be a little more independent of the gentlemen than have Southern ladies; that, consequently, Northern ladies excel Southern ladies in literature, in art, and in science." They were angry with me because I told them they took it upon themselves "to *think* for their women;" that they "could not insult me more than to call me *lady*, in their approved signification of that term;" that they "could not honor me more than to call me *man* in that

assembly, because then I was sure there was *one man present.*" They were angry with me because I told them, "There are few *great men* in the world,—that more especially in that part, nearly all the men were *great babies.*" They were angry with me because I had hands and feet, and could walk about, and take up newspapers and read them,—not so angry, though, because I *could* do so, as because I dare do so much.

In Abbeville, Lexington, Marion, and many other towns of South Carolina, the leading men requested me to "give a second lecture on Woman's Rights;" in Sumter, two or three of the leading men were angry with me, because when they had told me I had better not give lectures in their village, I requested them to "help themselves,—to do their best, and prevent me if they could," and afterwards spoke before a full house.

They acted like young boys,—and finally went where my goods were, without leave or authority, and *stole* invaluable things from me,—things I would not have sold for any money.

They talk very largely about their *reverence* for their women, but one can very quickly see they have no more *reverence* for their women than they have for

their parrots,—though, of course, the women add more to their gratification and pleasure; *they consider them incapable of thinking profoundly, as well as of acting independently.*

When I said to those flirting, airy creatures, calling themselves men, "You are exceedingly childish,—your mothers have sent you out too soon," they replied they would injure me all they could. Again I requested them *to do their best*, and again I laughed; but it is strange what little effect their best effort had. Within the few weeks following, I gave lectures in Darlington, Marion, Bennettsville, and intermediate villages, to full houses. In some instances my lecture room was crowded.

In Cheraw I saw old men traveling about on the street, whistling, jabbering, and actually preparing to fly their kites! This village and Sumter were the only villages I saw in Carolina, or indeed anywhere, where men are so juvenile.

In Carolina I could not keep a journal; if so, they would call it an "abolition document," and take it from me. Were there no abolition sentiments in it, nor the slightest allusion to the question, 't would

make no difference; they would imagine this to be so, because, as I said before, and said too truly, they are *insane* on this subject. I merely kept a list of names, for the reason I can not depend on my memory for names; though not one on this list was a correspondent of mine. On this were names of individuals of both sexes, of various professions and occupations, residing in different States, both in the North and in the South.

The whole number of names on the list, was at that time seventy, of which fifteen were from Pennsylvania, eleven from Ohio, seven from other Western States, twenty-two from Virginia, and fifteen from other Southern States. The reader will observe that only *eleven* were from Ohio, while two to one were from Virginia.

This list they often saw, as I kept no papers concealed; nor had I any manuscripts or papers that I wished to conceal. This they called my "list of correspondents, mostly in Ohio;" and they asked loudly that I should be *burned at the stake*, without judge or jury, for no other alleged reason than because they had denominated me "of the Madam Beecher Stowe order," and that I had so many correspondents in the State of Ohio.

At that time, nor at any other time since I have been traveling in the South, have I had any correspondents in Ohio, excepting one or two of my nearest relatives, from whose pen I never saw one word descriptive of, or in any way relating to, Southern institutions. If there is such an "order" as they describe, I have never known one member of the same; though, were there a Woman's Rights association near me, I should feel honored and pleased to be one of their number.

Their only ground for regarding my mission as prejudicial to their interests, I will explain, as it will not take much time nor space:

I should say, in the first place, that my portfolio was the property of all. They keep standing committees, whose business it is to take charge of every traveler's portfolio,—to take out what they please, and keep the same, if they see fit to do so. The traveler hears about these when far away; and still I had resolved to go there.

Were I to meet a man on the walk, and he should ask for my portfolio, I must immediately give it to him; otherwise he would take it from me and break it open to see my letters. At one time I purposely inclosed a *doll-baby* in the place of letters, and when

they asked for my portfolio, I said, "Yes sir, I thank you." On seeing the doll-baby they asked, "Who is this for?" "For the President of your committee," I replied; "I have come so far to see you, it is meet that I should make you a present." I compelled him to accept it, for just as he was about to leave, I became servant *pro tem.*, handed him his hat, while, at the same time, I placed the doll-baby on his broad shoulders, just below the collar of his coat, where it rested sweetly, nor was it seen till they had walked away several yards. That gentleman was a large, portly, noble, kind, benevolent-looking individual, and I said to myself, as they passed out, What a pity such people should be *insane* on any subject!

But, as I said, my portfolio was open to all,—and laid securely away there. I had a great many notices, clipped, some of them long ago, from newspapers, extolling me as a lecturer. One very long notice, after commending me in as high terms as there is power in language, concluded thus:

"Mrs. E., and the class of philanthropists to which she belongs, may hold some views and opinions which time, and a larger experience, may modify or change; but that they will substantially, ultimately prevail,

universally, no careful student of the tendency of things, and the philosophy of events, can deny."

When they saw this, they laid great stress on the phrase "*class* of philanthropists," though, if I have been correctly informed, the author of the article is not an abolitionist; indeed, I am certain of this, for no paper sustaining the interests of that party has, to my knowledge, ever given me a commendatory notice. It is against their principles. Though they profess to favor woman's cause, yet, to obtain the least favor in their eyes, it is essential that a woman should think just as much about the negroes as they do.

From a detached column of print, folded within a number of the Pee Dee (S. C.) *Herald*, I clipped the following:

* * * "Even the STOWES, the E——s, and the STONES thirst for our blood, as doth the famished wolf of the prairie for that of its victim. Let us, therefore, mete out to them, by the orders of Judge Lynch, a punishment at least equal to the enormity of the crimes they would commit. Let the gallows and the fagot rid the country of their presence."

Now if there are any people in the North who are thirsting for the blood of this people, I think they should be imprisoned, punished, and fed on bread and water till this dreadful thirst is allayed. For my part, I do not want their blood;—I do not like blood. I have never seen Mrs. Stowe, and have no acquaintance with Lucy Stone Blackwell, if this is the individual to whom allusion is made above; but when I saw the latter at a Woman's Rights Convention, I thought she was uncommonly mild, sweet, and amiable,—and so much knowledge with her sweetness, makes her peculiarly fascinating. So long as the gentle, loving expression of her countenance is before me, no person can make me believe that she wishes to drink blood, or has the least liking for that kind. I do not know any people in the North who have a desire *even to kill* the white population of South Carolina.

But how violent must be the disposition, and how unhappy the temper of that one who thus stamps his own image on his paper, so that those who read can see his gnashing teeth, his quivering lips, and his bloodshot eyes.

The following I clip from the Pee Dee (S. C.) *Herald:*

"But what shall we think of the accumulated instances of recent attacks upon our peculiar institutions? Is black republicanism really dead? While Miller, Orton, and Mulligan send their "Lives of Eminent Methodist Ministers" into one portion of our State, Mrs. E—— is searching for items to build Uncle Tom Cabins in another; Mr. "Free Soil Forever" is threatening us with Northern steel in another; and M. Thompson is tampering with slaves in Charlotte, North Carolina,—all engaged in holding up the black republican flag, and preparing for the battle of 1860."

There is a part of the above that I *know* to be a mere hallucination, therefore I conclude that quite probably all is the issue of a diseased imagination. Mrs. E—— never did "search for items" descriptive of institutions peculiar to the South. She could never think of engaging in business of that kind,—even though she had the *mind* to do so, she has not the *time*. The gentlemen of Carolina must think that Northern people are all *out of business*.

One paragraph of the detached printed column in part quoted above, ran thus:

"An attempt has hardly been made to disguise the fact that a systematic onslaught upon our domestic institutions has been put into operation by Northern fanaticism. In the halls of Congress,—in the white slave State Legislatures,—through the pulpit and the press,—and lastly, through the aid of itinerant emissaries, are we assailed.

"At first we were disposed to deal gently with these deluded miscreants; but circumstances have changed, and we now declare, there is no punishment too severe for such evil-doers.

"Reflect a moment upon the consequences to result from their diabolical mission! Think of the gloating hatred of the white man they entertain, and of the dreadful doom they would call down upon him if they could! The murderer and the robber are doomed to an ignominious death, by the laws of all civilized countries;—and if such a penalty is but a just punishment for their crimes, how much greater should be the punishment of him or her who would involve whole States in desolation and death?

"Justice and mercy,—yes, the instinctive law of self-preservation, and the love of life, all demand the extinction of such foes to all we hold dear."

I had never known before that there were persons sent from the North to the South as spies, with envy,

malice, and hatred, to do all manner of wickedness, and involve whole States in "desolation and death." If this be true, I think it should arouse the indignation of the whole nation,—that they might be punished severely, and shipped for Australia. I did not know before, that the people of the North entertain a *gloating hatred* for the white man of South Carolina; if there are such individuals, they must present so loathsome a spectacle that I do not wish to see them.

If brothers *hate* each other, the family is broken up, and there is *no more home!* If brothers *love* each other, though they may each be wicked, wayward, and stubborn, yet, after a while, all evil is conquered, wrong is overcome, and that family is the most *powerful*, as well as the most *beautiful* on earth.

I had not known before, that the people of the North entertain a hatred so deadly for the white population of Carolina, or for the population of any other portion of our country, that they are trying their best to call down upon them a "dreadful doom;" nor had I known that Southern people entertained a hatred so *tremendous*, so *unbecoming*, for the North, that they wish to *kill*, and *slay*, and *murder*, and *torture*, and *burn* every individual, man or woman, who chances

to travel over their territory. *I do not even now, know this;*—at least, whatever appearances may indicate, I am very unwilling to believe that this is the true sentiment of the heart.

Southern men are of America, and consequently have the spirit of freedom large, and a natural love of seeing every one around them feel and realize his individuality. The slave is his *property*, by the laws of the land, and it is as natural for him to regard him in this light, as it is to breathe, for this has been a part of his life, from infancy; and yet, even the slave, a mere article of property, has certain rights and privileges, granted and guaranteed by Southern society, which no one shall dare infringe,—if he does so, he disgraces himself, be he white or black.

We no longer see the monkey head of the African negro, but in its place we behold a wide, high forehead, a large brain, and large white eyes, that roll round *tremendously!* The master naturally has a portion of *America* in his soul, and you may see him, in a thousand ways, teaching his slave to have every feeling of the free white man. In what this will result, I have no idea,—let them manage it, and it can not result in evil to the North, to the South, nor to our common country.

The Northern man is also of America, and the *natural brother* of the Southern man,—in every pulsation of his life, in every feeling of his heart, in every aspiration of his soul,—but these *natural brothers* have become *two great bullies!* talking all the time, in a very blustering manner about "disunion."

With one accord they have stretched forth their arms, and invited the *world* to their embrace, while they know not yet how to love *each other*. Their quarrelings and bickerings have disgusted our common Father, and called down manifestations of His displeasure.

Ah, my country! thy soul is Freedom, and in the time of thy mature strength, thy vigorous life, and thy peerless beauty, thou gavest me being. My life is a part of thy life. Thou hast blessed me as no other land can bless,—with a hope that looks into eternity, and defies the gods,—with a spirit that owns no master, that will not cower, that feels near relationship to the Almighty, and looks upon all things as possible.

This could not be otherwise, for, being nourished by thy care, upheld by thy arm of matchless strength, on thy own fair bosom, my soul naturally drank a part of thy being. I had looked upon thy beauty

as eternal, thy strength as infinite, and had worshiped thee as God. But thy beauty is already faded, and thy strong arm is weakened. The angry words, the quarrels, the disunion of thy children, have troubled thee; the deadly hatred of their pale looks towards each other, have made thy heart sick. Thou wearest a frown and a scowl all the time of late,—and already spots of corruption may be seen glistening on thy frontals, in *shiny blackness!* I *can but see* that thou art doomed to destruction, though with thy fall must perish my hope, and the better part of my being.

I had almost forgotten to speak of my call at Washington; and now I will bring my little book to a close, with a brief notice of my visit to the halls of Congress.

> How should I know what's there, *alive!* Ah me,—
> I went and saw with eyes, as others see!

In the hall, far, far below me, I saw gentlemen of noble aspect, and substantial heads,—wise, talented, clear-sighted,—selected from all others as most capable to transact the business of the nation,—our country had, for the time, placed her destinies in

their hands,—and this confidence, this high trust, made them very public spirited, and very great.

And there, all round in the galleries, I saw ladies,—Oh, what beautiful ladies!—with gold, and jewels, and silks, and satins, and velvets, and white bonnets, and green bonnets, and blue bonnets, and plumes, and muffs, and fans, and flowers of silver, and flowers of gold, and flowers of nature. Their forms were, for the most part, as beautiful and graceful as the flowers that adorned them,—and their heads were small, and light, and airy. Their eyes were turned first towards their own dress and appearance, then upon each other, and then they wandered all over the hall; but I noticed their thoughts were inward; they were as bewitchingly meditative and absent as that lovely creature, the parrot, who is wont to meditate,—so *still*, so *thoughtfully*, and yet *never thinks about any thing*.

They would look down on the gentlemen and smile, and the gentlemen would look up at them and smile,—and they thought because the gentlemen smiled, they had just as many rights as anybody. And though in all that body of men, assembled to guard the interests, and answer the wants of the nation, not one woman in all this great nation, is

accounted worthy to be represented,—yet I never saw *one blush* of *indignation* mount their cheek. Their little heads would toss, now from one side to the other side, and anon from the other side to the one side; and then they would wait for the gentlemen to come and take them out,—and presently the gentlemen would come, and they would allow the ladies to go *wherever they pleased*, and they would give them *candy* and *ice-cream*. Oh, what kind gentlemen, to give the ladies *so many*, *so great*, and *such elevating privileges!*

And then the gentlemen would say to themselves, Oh, what happy men we are! When we're in the halls of Congress, we have only to look into the galleries, and there behold numerous *pretty little shows*, on purpose for us to see, free gratis; when we walk out, lo! on every hand are plenty more *pretty little shows*, dodging about here and there, with downcast, modest looks, for *all*, or *any one*, to see who will look,—these are also free of charge. And then, whenever we're in the hotels, or wherever we may be, there we find more *pretty little shows* placed right in our way; and they're so fascinating, too,—how delightful to think of them! Those who can excite our passions most, by their winning ways, have

most *power;*—this is woman's *power*, and we must please and satisfy such charming creatures,—talk much about their *power*, and make up large sermons, founded on quotations concerning *woman's nature*, and enlarge upon these for pastime whenever we have leisure.

There is nothing said about *men's nature*, in society, anywhere. I do not remember of having seen the phrase in print at any time in my life,—but I do think I have seen the term *woman's nature* in print, *millions* of times. It is expected that God has given men a nature that they know, without any to tell them what it is,—that if they are ambitious and spirited, they will do just as much as they *can do;* but from the time a female is born, she hears nothing, only about what is her *nature;* about this particular thing, and that particular thing she must not do, because she 's a female; this way or that way that she must not look,—this thought or that thought that she must not have,—this motion or that motion that she must not make, because she 's a female.

Thus every little girl is pursued, and worried, and hunted, till her intellectual life is dead, and then, of course, genius *dare not live*, and the soul is abject.

And, for fear lest she may revive, there 's constantly kept astir more large and knowing talk, about her *nature* and many beautiful little sayings about how *lovely* she is in weakness and dependence; and, instead of associating her spirit with the eagle mother-bird, whom no male of their tribe excels in the bold grandeur of her lofty flights,—who is said to be more fearless, and longer on the wing, than the male,—she is likened to the hen, who clucks about patiently, just to suit the convenience of the rooster.